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DOCTOR DETECTIVE,
By James Edward McVeany.

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By Emmett Howard Wells.

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THE MORNING RED.

BY ANNE A. SAUNDS.

O heavenly east! we look to thee with long-
ing
Stained by flame pervasive, yet unknown;
Dim, shadowy shapes upon the hills are
thronging,
In mists the valleys lie, oppressed, alone.
The flowers droop; the birds rest with
folded wing;
The silent cattle kneel, as in trance, or
dazed.
Ah me, like a form of life new-created,
Impatient waits—waits for the morning
red.

It comes! the first pale signal through the
clouds!
Just when it comes no mortal tongue may
tell.
Unmeaning it lies upon the mountaintop
brow.
While darkness holds the valleys in its
cruel spell.
It grows, it lengthens, it becomes a quiver!
A million shafts of light abroad are sped!
The flowers look up, the birds pour forth
their story!
Man hails his earthly friend in mortal
dread!

O heavenly east! within thy mystic spleo-
dor
One full atlas of more than mortal birth,
O Modesty! O Love! supreme and tender,
O Purity! O Truth! sole star of true worth!
O beauty! O glory! O blessing to inherit!
And steep'd in these delights, my yearn-
ings rest.
Awake at last! haste and rouse the spirit
With that dawn of dawns, rife morning
red!

LOVE'S FULFILLING.

BY HELEN WHITCOMB.

O Love is wise
When seeking for the answers and the
skies
Where the verses and the poems
And sweet songs find word denies
To any poet.

When Love knows,
He wears never to take long,
He knows it to return sooner;
He after he is answered on about
Is satisfied.

It is beautiful
When Love is answered, when Love
Is returned, when Love
Is satisfied with the answers
Of other lives.

Love is wise
When it is satisfied with the answers
Of other lives.

It is wise when it is satisfied
With the answers of other lives.

He picked up the cuffs casually and examined them. "What odd cuff-buttons!" he said.

THE DOCTOR DETECTIVE;

OR,

FOUR MILLIONS AT STAKE.

By JAMES EDWARD McVEANY.

CHAPTER I.

A MYSTERIOUS DEATH.

"Oh, please, sir, come in! Something dreadful has happened here!"

A middle-aged woman, who, a moment before had rushed from the front door of a pretty three-story house on one of the large west side streets, stood wringing her hands before a stalwart man, who happened to be passing at the time she ran from the house.

The woman was evidently a servant, for she wore the uniform of one of the maids.

"What is it? What is the trouble?" the stranger asked.

"Oh! William Winters, sir—the man I work for, sir—he's dead! Oh, sir, it's awful! It's dreadful!"

The man's demeanor changed in an instant. His eyes flashed and he seemed to grow an inch taller. He was six feet in height—a handsome, stalwart young man. He had deep, piercing gray eyes, his face was smooth-shaven and his head was of a rather long and black. He was not over thirty years of age, although the many wrinkles that had gathered on his face and knew gave him the appearance of being much older.

"Lead the way," he said.

He spoke in the tones of a man used to being obeyed. His voice was low and firm, and there was something in his manner that told that he was hostile to or fore attempting to dispute him.

The woman, whose name was Mary Higgins, an estimable person who had been in the employ of Mr. Winters for nearly fifteen years as nurse and general servant, turned and ran up the steps.

The stranger followed her quickly.

She ascended to the second floor and stopped at the door of a front room.

"Enter!"

The stranger spoke sharply.

"Here lies the dead!"

"Well, open the door!"

"It is locked!"

"Can't you unlock it?"

"It's locked on the inside. I called to him for nearly half an hour this morning and, when I failed to get an answer I went up on the stairs and looked over the transom. Oh, it's awful, sir! It's awful!" repeated the woman, wringing her hands.

"Don't worry, now; calm yourself."

The man bounded up the stairs and was soon looking into the room through the transom.

His face gave no sign of what he saw there. It was calm as it had been from the first.

Lying upon a bed was old Mr. Winters. The bedclothes were scattered on the floor on either side of the bed. The face—for of the dead man were slightly contorted, and his limbs were drawn up, but there was no sign of struggle, no evidence of his appearance.

In a moment the stranger returned to the woman's side.

"Are you going to break open the door?" she asked.

"No," and in a step-ladder if you have one."

Mrs. Higgins hurried to obey. In a few moments she returned with the desired article.

The man placed it carefully before the door and mounted. He grasped the transom window, which was tightly closed, and twisted it from its hinges without apparent exertion. In another second he was in the room where the dead man lay.

The first thing he did was to carefully examine the lock of the door.

"Nothing there," he muttered. Then he unlocked the door and admitted Mrs. Higgins.

She came in trembling.

The man glanced keenly about the apartment.

It was a beautiful summer morning and the windows were wide open.

Nothing in the room seemed to interest him he turned his attention toward the corpse.

He examined the body of the dead man carefully. There was not a sign or mark of violence on the body that would indicate the cause of death.

"How did he die?" Mrs. Higgins asked as she carefully tip-toed toward the bed.

"I don't know. It's a mystery."

The stranger was not inclined to answer questions or state his thoughts.

"Oh, what shall I do?" was the next question.

"Answer no more questions first."

"I will, sir."

Mrs. Higgins seemed to fear the man. She obeyed him without hesitancy, seeming to feel his superiority.

"Had the dead man a wife?"

"His wife is dead."

"Who lived here besides him?"

"His daughter Mabel."

"Where is Mabel?"

"She is out, sir."

"Oh and call her."

"Oh, sir, it will be her."

"She will have to know it sometime do and call her. I will break the news to her."

Mrs. Higgins left the room, in a moment she called from upstairs:

"Oh, sir, come quick!"

The man bounded up the stairs and hurried to Mrs. Higgins' side.

"I cannot waken her, sir!" the woman said. "Her face is breathing! The door is locked. Oh, what shall we do?"

The man placed his shoulder against the door and, by a quick effort, burst the lock and door from its hinges.

On the bed lay a beautiful girl about 20 years of age. She seemed to be dying.

Her long golden hair was scattered in masses on the pillow and her big blue eyes were almost bulging from their sockets.

The room was full of gas!

"It was but the work of a moment to throw open the windows. Then he went hastily closed. This done, the man gave his attention to the gas jet. It was turned on half-force.

He turned it off.

Taking a pad of paper from his pocket the handsome stranger wrote a few words on it and handed it to Mrs. Higgins.

"Take this to the nearest drug store. Here's a dollar. Hurry!"

The woman, who, like Mabel Winters, he carried her into the hall, where he worked over her with the steady skill of a medical man. Soon she commenced to show signs of returning to consciousness.

By this time Mrs. Higgins was back with a bottle.

The man poured a few drops of a greenish liquid down the girl's throat.

"Show me to another room," he said.

Mrs. Higgins started toward the back of the house.

Picking Mabel up in his arms the man followed her.

"Here," he said, as he laid the girl-ish form gently on a bed, "that is better."

"This is the room her mother died in," said the woman. "We never use it."

"You must remain here with her," said the stranger. "She will right now. When she recovers call me. I am going to the front room to look over the papers of the housekeeper."

He left the room where the dead Mr. Winters lay and entered a closer examination than he had made when Mrs. Higgins was present.

At first he found nothing that seemed to excite him. Then his eyes suddenly rested upon a handkerchief lying near the bed. It was of fine linen and bore the initial "W." He placed it carefully in his pocket and gradually he approached toward the face curtains, which he drew back.

Then he started suddenly sniffing the air of the room.

A look of astonishment came into his face.

He could not!

He hurried to the gas jet. It was turned on! But no gas seemed to be escaping.

Well, here's a mystery!" he thought. "This reminds me of old days! Only it's the most peculiar thing I ever run across. Ah, the handkerchief, too!"

He took a match from his pocket and struck it. Then he held it over the jet.

No flame sprang up from the burner!

Mrs. Higgins had returned to Mabel's room and held a lighted match over the jet, there, with the same result.

Closing the valves he hurried to the cellar.

After a short search he found the meter.

The gas was turned off!

The man seemed dumbfounded for a moment.

"Mrs. Higgins!" he muttered. No! I'd stake my life on her innocence! Mr. Winters has been murdered, and a foul attempt has been made to kill his daughter for the sake of it. This matter is worth looking into.

"Who has been a doctor here for a long time?" he asked Mrs. Higgins, as he returned to the room where the dead man lay.

"Dr. Hall, sir, but he failed to call this morning."

"Where does he live?"

"I will write the address."

"Do so."

The woman complied.

"I think I can hear anything. I am not one of the fainting kind and I seldom show my grief."

"Well, I know him, your father was murdered! An attempt was also made to kill you!"

It was with difficulty that Mabel Winters had her force herself away from the standing the warning she had received.

"Tell me! Tell me all about it! Who could have done such a thing! It is impossible!"

The doctor in a few words informed Mabel of the discoveries he had made, omitting the fact of finding the cuff-button and the handkerchief.

"Now, Mabel, think! Do you know of any one who could be benefited by the death of your father and yourself? Any one, however—"

"No, sir, I do not."

"Was your father wealthy?"

"No, sir. He was once, but he lost all his money speculating. He has been supported for several years by his brother, Wentworth Winters."

"Was he a brother of Wentworth Winters, the millionaire?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, sir."

"This is a new one on Wentworth Winters—or nearly a month."

"Yes, sir, the doctor thought a week ago he would die. My father went to call upon him yesterday afternoon. He was very much excited when he came home. You were nearly frightened to death."

"Did he tell you what would be his heirs?"

"My father and myself."

"No one else?"

"No, with the exception of mine. The son of Wentworth Winters's money. My uncle is a very complete brute."

"What is your uncle's name?"

"Stanley Ward."

"Ward!" and the doctor thought of the handkerchief in the cuff-button and the handkerchief.

He was puzzled. "We might stand for either Winters or Ward.

"Yes, sir, Ward."

"Where does he live?"

"In three-fifth my uncle."

"I will interview that young man and that very soon," the doctor muttered under his breath.

"Would you have the gas burning in your room last night?"

"I always do."

The doctor was silent for a few seconds.

"What do you think?" Mabel asked.

"I don't think—that is, I never say what I think."

Mabel smiled faintly.

"I am going to leave you now," said the doctor. "I will be back this afternoon. I will notify the police when I go out. I have fried things so they will suspect nothing. It is better that the murderer be left to think that he is not suspected. Say nothing to any one of what I have told you. Mrs. Higgins does not suspect anything. I can rely on her to be discreet. Mind, say nothing whatever to her. Give me time, and I will bring the guilty party to justice. I promise you that much."

The doctor left Mrs. Higgins and Mabel her remain with Mabel until the police arrived. Then he hurried away.

"I will try to be brave! What shall I call you?"

"Call me doctor," he said.

"I think I can bear anything. I am not one of the fainting kind and I seldom show my grief."

"Well, now listen, your father was murdered! An attempt was also made to kill you!"

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"Did he tell you what would be his heirs?"

"My father and myself."

"No one else?"

"With

CHAPTER IV.

HER SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE.

Inside of ten minutes the doctor was waiting in the hall of the Winters mansion. The flunky had carried Dr. Cannon's letter up to Stanley Ward. He had failed to recognize the doctor as the man who had called a short time before.

"Mr. Ward says to come right up, sir."

The doctor was not long in following the servant up to the second floor. The flunky left him at the door of the front room. The body of the dead millionaire lay in the rear room.

The doctor saw a young man sitting in an arm chair wrapped in a gorgeous dressing gown. He was tall and rather pale. A brown beard adorned his face. His eyes were brown and small. He was aristocratic in appearance, but there was something about him that the doctor did not like.

"Dr. Cannon was taken suddenly ill," the doctor said. "He sent me in his place."

"I am sorry for Dr. Cannon. I am afraid he overworked himself with my poor uncle."

"Probably. How are you feeling?"

"Much better. In fact, I am all right. You know of the robbery?"

"Yes."

"I prefer that nothing be said about it. I am going to keep it quiet and put some private detective on the case."

"It would be unprofessional for me to mention any of your private affairs."

The doctor spent several minutes scrutinizing the young man. He was almost at sea in forming an opinion.

"He's a cool and nervy individual," was the conclusion finally arrived at.

After writing a prescription and examining the young man, the doctor said casually:

"I see you have not heard the news?"

The young man started.

"What news?" he asked.

"It will be a shock to you."

"What is it? Pray tell me?"

Stanley Ward was more than anxious, or at least seemed to be.

[illegible]

LOVE, THE STRATEGIST.

Love came marching as a soldier,
Cap-a-pie the rogue was armed.
Gay youth, heedless, guard deemed needless,
Vanquished was ere love alarmed
Masked approach and stolen marches, sharp surprise and short affray.
Love, alas! is always victor, youthful hearts are facile prey.
Hush! Beware, for love is there!
Here and there and everywhere.
In martial guise or sailor rig, 'neath doctor's hood or lawyer's wig,
Now among the rich he's flaunting, then the imp the poor is haunting,
And, defend as you may, Love wins now as yesterday.

Love came tripping as a fairy,
Love-locks floating in the breeze;
All alluring ne'er enduring,
Pleasing only just to tease.
Was he slighted or affrighted that he sped so fast away?
Stole the glory of a story—from a life the light of day—
Hush! Beware, for love is there!
Here and there and everywhere.
Now enfolded in a wimple, then ensconced in a rosy dimple,
Or by magic art so nimble, hidden, lurking in a thimble—
Tricksy elf! so hard to hold, pays fond hopes in fairy gold.

Love came weary, as a pilgrim
Faint and feeble, sad and worn,
And a woman with compassion,
Pitying soothed his state forlorn.
Then so tender grew his bearing, all his words so calm and wise,
That the matron's heart was missing ere she fathomed Love's disguise.
Hush! Beware, for love is there!
Here and there and everywhere,
Youth with promises caressing, age with memories oppressing,
Emprise most his skill engages is romance of Middle Ages!
Ah, be wary as you will, Love is lord and master still.

MY LOVE CONSTANCE.

By MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

Author of "A Girl's Mistake," "A Deathless Love," "Her Fatal Folly," "A Gilded Sod," "Her Dark-Eyed Will," Etc.

["My Love Constance" was commenced in No. 2. Back numbers can be obtained of the agent, or by addressing the Chicago office. Price, five cents each.]

CHAPTER XIII.

FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS.

For just a moment Will Waring was absolutely stunned in the face of this unexpected, unparalleled announcement.

A curious sensation stole over his heart; a feeling of repugnance crept into it, such as most men will experience when a woman so far forgets the dignity of her womanhood as to overstep the natural bounds between the sexes and confers an unsought love.

Slowly he released the clinging arms from about his neck, and a look of stern sadness settled down over his pale, handsome face.

"Miss Hurst"—his voice was low and full of dignity—[illegible]

[illegible]

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WISDOM OF THE SERPENT.

[illegible]

SWEET SPRING.

The days are growing longer now,
The sun is getting high;
There are some signs of coming warmth
In the cold, wintry sky.
The buds aren't bursting out as yet,
They know too much for that,
But Ethel has begun to think
About her Easter hat.

The hand-organs are coming 'round
To play the same old tune.
They slay it in November, and
They murder it in June.
The air is growing softer; there's
A haze o'er everything.
Oh, we don't need the almanac
To prophesy the Spring.

Yes, Spring is coming, sure enough!
The sarsaparilla men
"That tired feeling" advertise
In big black type again.
Yes, gentle Spring is coming fast,
And that is not the worst—
Spring poems, too, are coming sure,
And this 'ere is the first.

A CLOSE CALL.

BY E. LOUISE LIDDELL.

Pretty young Mrs. Carpenter (she was always spoken of as "young" to distinguish her from her husband's mother, who lived next door,) stood watching her husband till he turned the corner and was out of sight.

But he never once looked back. In fact, they had just quarrelled, and that was why her eyes were brighter than usual, and her cheeks—which John used to say reminded him of blush roses—were [illegible]

[illegible]

"What's that?" asked a feeble old man, coming out of the next house. "Who says my boy's drowned? Why, he can swim! There ain't water enough in Great Lake to drown John Carpenter!"

The wind blew his scanty locks over his wrinkled old face; his faded blue eyes wandered piteously round and finally rested on John's wife.

"Don't you believe it," said he, tremulously, patting her arm with his uncertain, shaking hand.

But apparently she did not hear him. Drowned! Her John—and she let him go to his death without a kiss!

The freckle-faced boy looked at her uneasily, digging his bare toes into the ground.

"I didn't know as Mrs. Carpenter was along," said he, apologetically, forgetting, for the moment, his own importance as the bearer of news in view of her silent misery.

Some one took hold of the wife and led her into the house. She groped her way like a blind person. They said she had better lie down on the lounge a while, and she obeyed. She could not see anything now.

"I am dying," she thought, and was happy in thinking so.

Then she floated away into darkness, on and on, for a long time apparently.

Finally she saw a light, and opening her eyes saw—yes, it was—John!

Was she indeed in the other world, and was John waiting for her? She spoke his name.

"She's coming to; she knows me," said the familiar voice.

But how far off it sounded! And so did her own voice when she spoke.

"Where am I?" she asked, faintly.

"Here dear, in the dining room," said John again.

He was on the floor beside the lounge, his face close to hers. Their lips met in a long kiss.

"John," said she, solemnly, "I thought we were both in another world."

"I did have a pretty close call," said he, "and it was hard work bringing you back."

"The others?" she asked tearfully.

"Will and I are the only ones left of the seven," he replied with a sob.

"Oh, John! It might have been you!" she cried, throwing her arms round his neck.

Just then a feeble old man who was sitting close to his son said fondly, in tremulous tones:

"I knew there wasn't water enough in Great Lake to drown my John!"

An Ecstasy.

She put her arms around his neck,
And for a season
He appeared from earthly gaze,
As stars are hid in sunlit days;
Those lovely arms, so wondrous soft and fair,
Were in the monstrous sleeve that women wear—
That was the reason.

A Good Turn Made Another.

It was a beautiful hat, there was no doubt about it. The man who sat just back of her was in a towering rage; he said there were twelve yards of lace on it, a dozen sandhill cranes, two jet buckles, a bushel of roses and three pins. His wife demurred to this.

"Oh, no, Henry," she said, "you are prejudiced. I don't think the birds are quite so large as sandhill cranes, and I very much doubt if there are more than ten yards of lace on it."

"Well, a Thomas concert isn't a millinery show room, anyhow," snarled her lord. "Look at her now, she makes Mr. Thomas look like the headless horseman afoot."

"Oh, don't; she might hear you."

[illegible]

Art of Saying Hard Things.

[illegible]

ways looking at people through the wrong end of a powerful telescope, seeing them clearly, but exceedingly small—exactly as Carlyle did himself, and Mrs. Carlyle, too."

Swells of Ancient Egypt.

From what has come down to us, written, painted or chiseled, the Egyptian lord must have been a great swell. The details of the twelfth dynasty show Egyptian elegance at its best. The lord has a male housekeeper, his maitre d'hote, called "superintendent of the provision house." There was a "superintendent of the baking house," and the mixer of drinks had the title of "scribe of the sideboard." Perhaps he was a butler, and regulated the supply of wines from the cellar. There were gardeners, porters and handicraft men, all busy in attending to the master. "A preparer of sweets" must have been a confectioner. The Egyptian, when he was no longer a mortal, had hopes of being well fed in the hereafter, as he believed he would be nourished in his particular heaven with abundant goose and beef. Offerings to the gods show the variety of the Egyptian menu, and in one are included ten kinds of cooked meat, five kinds of birds or game, sixteen varieties of bread and cake, six assorted wines, four brews of beers, eleven sorts of fruits and an endless number of sweet things.

Weak Nerves

Indicate as surely as any physical symptom shows anything, that the organs and tissues of the body are not satisfied with their nourishment.

They draw their sustenance from the blood, and if the blood is thin, impure or insufficient, they are in a state of revolt. Their complaints are made to the brain, the king of the body, through the nervous system, and the result of the general dissatisfaction is what we call Nervousness.

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The cure for Nervousness, then, is simple. Purify and enrich your blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the nerves, tissues and organs will have the healthful nourishment they crave. Nervousness and Weakness will then give way to strength and health.

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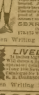

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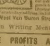

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BEYOND.

A wanderer far in the gloomy night
Had traversed his way, alone,
Nor compass, nor chart, nor beacon-light
On his tortuous pathway shown;
And the storm came on, like a demon's tread,
And the weary soul were tost;
But soft, through that tempest's billowy wrath,
A bright ray glinted across the path;
Like the voice of an angel, far and free,
Rang "Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!"

The rage of that tempest, fierce and wild,
Like the marshal's host of wrong,
Dispell'd as the voice of the gentle child
Continued its Heaven-taught song.
And the wanderer bravely struggled on
Toward that doubly-sacred goal,
For the blissful light of a perfect dawn
Had gladdened his eager soul;
He stood, transfixed by a mystic spell,
As the song like an inspiration fell:
"Still—all—my—song—shall—be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!"

Oh! thus do the bitter storms conceal
The light of a perfect day;
Thus does the sacred song reveal
Hope's beauteous beacon ray;
Gethsemane heard the pilgrims' cry
That echoed in words above—
The thunders that crashed from Sinai
But opened the gates of love;
The song that is echoing down the years,
With their heaving tempest of doubts and fears
The wanderer's compass and chart shall be:
"Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!"

DENOUNCED BY THE DEAD

OR,

DAN, THE AMERICAN.

Translated From the French Expressly for the Chicago Ledger.

By ISABEL CARRISON.

["Denounced by the Dead" was begun in No. 8. Back numbers may be procured of the agent or by writing to the home office. Price, five cents each.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

"THE YOUNG HEIR OF BEAUMANOIR."

It was one of those raw mornings which the easily chilled denizens of Chazy-le-Moine call "very wintry," and grates blazed and radiators hissed comfortingly at Beaumanoir.

There was an unusual stir in the well-regulated residence in the early morning hours, when a strange personage had arrived there, bag and baggage.

She had sent up an extraordinarily wide-bordered mourning card upon which was written, "Madam Gustave de Mont-Villers, Palermo, Sicily," to Monsieur and Madam Ernest de Mont-Villers.

Monsieur de Mont-Villers looked questioningly at his wife, and that lady returned his glance inquiringly.

"Well upon my word, this must be a resurrection!" said the former, "for my real mother died when I was in swaddling clothes! I'll have to go down and interview the extraordinary personage who bears her name!"

Monsieur de Mont-Villers was not obliged to trouble himself to descend to the drawing, for the guest, followed by a tall, gaunt [illegible] maid, appeared in the corridor, much to his astonishment, as he prepared to descend the stair case.

"Ah, Monsieur Ernest," began a portly, [illegible]-haired woman of fifty, "you don't [illegible]

"I must confess I never before knew my father had remarried, Madam!" said the master of Beaumanoir frigidly.

"Well, I was his wife, all the same, as this document will convince even my stepson," said the woman extracting from her reticule a marriage certificate dated a few months previously, and unblushingly flashing it before his face.

Paying no attention to the look of dismay upon Monsieur de Mont-Villers' face, she continued: "I have come to Beaumanoir to investigate your father's affairs, and see what part of the estate in this part of the country will come to his widow. I shall remain here until affairs are satisfactorily settled, if you please!"

De Mont-Villers recognized the fact that he had a most difficult and disagreeable task to perform in entertaining the woman before him, but he submitted to the inevitable with as good a grace as possible, summoning a servant to conduct the woman and her maid to apartments reserved for special guests.

The year succeeding Madam de Mont-Villers' return from America, a new love, and hope had come into her life.

When the daisies and crocusses opened their eyes for the first time in Beaumanoir's pretty pastures, the old white manor was full of rejoicing over the advent of its baby heir.

His little Highness, Ernest de Mont-Villers Jr., was a universally worshipped ideal from his first birthday. All the lavish affection of his young mother was centered upon the boy, and his big brown eyes were ever restful in expression even at the mature age of eighteen months without [illegible] dewit upon that fond proud parent. [illegible] nurse ever born was worthy to be trusted with complete care of Beaumanoir's [illegible]—without his mamma or Julie were within close call.

The extraordinary guest who was tolerated for the sake of peace had not been an inhabitant of the home of the de Mont-Villers two days, before her subtle soul detected the fact that nothing on earth was so dear to the mistress of the old manor as her child.

Monsieur de Mont-Villers was willing to relinquish all his share of his father's estate, which amounted to but a few thousand pounds, to his "widow" if it could only bring about a withdrawal of her obnoxious presence from his home.

While he busied himself with notaries and the family attorney in her behalf, the unwelcome guest was busying herself in questioning the servants and good natured simple folks about the village to discover all about both the past and present histories of her host and hostess.

Her health demanded that she should in "true Parisian fashion" breakfast in bed, she said. "She had no appetite before noon," but the generously laden trays that her maid took up to her regularly at 10 o'clock, and returned empty at ten thirty in the morning made her assertions about her appetite appear rather remarkable.

When the young heir to Beaumanoir was about being tucked away in his silken nest for a morning nap after his bath, the widow invariably began exercising her powerful lungs.

"Ah che la morte!" "Lucia di Lammermoor," and other gems of great composer's were hurled from her larynx in huge tones that would have riddled the tympanums and hearts of Verdi and Donizette, could they have heard them!

Upon one of these occasions the young mother's patience was so exhausted at the uproar in Madam Gustave's room, which was located uncomfortably near the nursery, that she boldly invaded the songstress' territory.

"Madam Gustave," said she, "would you mind deferring your exercises until after baby's nap? He is not well this morning."

"Oh! my dear young woman! What a slave you make of yourself to that infant, and how you will regret it some day, mark my words! Well, well, if here isn't Papa Ernest, too!" retorted the guest as she caught a glimpse of her host, who was standing behind his wife preparatory to taking his departure for the village.

"If the whole family isn't up in arms over the youngster's nap! By the way, that baby don't belong to you, Ernest, and that little blonde mamma! There's a mistake! His eyes are black as sloe's—and his features not of the de Mont-Villers cast! Ha! ha! a changeling no doubt! Well, you love him just the same, and it's all right! But I'll shut up my music box until his Highness awakes."

Her manner was more offensive even than her words, and the master of Beaumanoir decided more seriously than before that he would do his utmost to rid his home of Madam Gustave's objectionable presence.

Monsieur de Mont-Villers bade his wife a hurried au-revoir, and politely bowed a good morning to the widow as he departed. Madam de Mont-Villers lingered a moment for courtesy's sake. While she stood exchanging salutations with her husband, her hand sought her pocket book for a prescription she desired to have filled in the village for the child, about whom the conversation had taken place.

In producing the pocket book a tiny locket fell from its inner compartment unnoticed by its owner, but it was instantly remarked and picked up by the shrewd widow, and quietly transferred to her own pocket unseen by its owner. Madam de Mont-Villers had not reached the nursery before Madam Gustave had pressed the spring of the locket and extracted its only contents, a scrap of worn and closely folded paper upon which was written these words:

"When my Vera reads these words she will be flying over the rails to Montral. I slip them into your hand, love, so that you'll have something from your Dan at the last moment of parting. A foolish thought this, but a lover's, Vera! The pale lilies will not fling their great discs over our boat's bow tonight, as we hoped to float over the great pond, but after tomorrow, darling, after tomorrow, we shall meet, let us hope, to part no more until death. Yours now and forever, DAN."

"Oh, ho! my fine aristocratic model of sanctity, Madam de Mont-Villers, Madam Vera of fine descent! So this has been your little game in America! Oh, ho! my fine white dove! Two schemers are better than one! I'll revel in all the luxury I've dreamed of, yet! 'All things come to those who can wait!' Well, I have waited, and my star is in the ascendant."

The woman read the lines over and over, gloating upon every word like a miser over his gold. She laughed hysterically, then almost wept with joy as she thought of the power she held between her chubby fingers as she folded and unfolded the precious bit of information so opportunely thrust in her way.

"Dan! Dan! who can that be? The name is odd and must be American," she mused, when suddenly, like a revelation, came the words of the servants she had questioned about the past of Beaumanoir and its inhabitants, the discription of Mauprat's execution, and the word pronounced by his decapitated head, what was it?

"Why, glory to fate that name was 'Dan,' as I live," said the widow as she fled to her bell and rang it violently. Shortly afterward the tall, haggard form of the maid who knew no law beyond her mistress' will, entered the apartment.

"Exilda Perreno, you never can imagine our good luck! This slip of yellowish paper means money, money, money! and the end of pinching poverty for both of us!"

Exilda waited patiently for her mistress to communicate the contents of the slip of paper that meant so much opulence to them.

All the remaining hours of the morning Madam and her maid devoted to closeted consultations. The widow's strident contralto bravuras and roulades were hushed.

CHAPTER XIX.

DRIVEN TO DESPAIR.

The same afternoon Madam de Mont-Villers decided to take her son for a drive in the crisp air.

Francois, the venerable coachman of the family, was commissioned to drive the mistress and the young heir of Beaumanoir over the brown hills of Chazy-le-Moine.

They had not proceeded further than a mile and a half from home when a strange looking creature appeared at the road side gesticulating wildly for the coachman to stop.

She was fantastically gowned in bright colors and wore a shawl thrown over her head. Her arms were bare, notwithstanding [illegible] decorated with [illegible] were [illegible] affected by [illegible]

[illegible] what the poor woman wants, Francois," said Madam de Mont-Villers, motioning for the coachman to stop.

Francois had just reined in his horses, when the woman sprang upon the carriage step with a bound, and made a mad plunge with her long bare arms into the mass of silk and fur that protected the babe in his mother's arms.

But a mother's instinct foiled the attempt to abduct her child. The moment the woman darted toward the carriage, Madam de Mont-Villers had clasped her boy convulsively to her heart. When the wretched creature landed upon the carriage step the young mother had divined her purpose, and with her free hand she gave the woman a push that sent her reeling backward upon the roadside.

"Francois! Francois!" cried the frightened Vera, "drive home rapidly as you can! The woman may have confederates in hiding—drive fast as you can."

They reached Beaumanoir in a short time. Monsieur Mont-Villers was still absent, and Vera felt in no humor to converse with or confide in her uncongenial guest. Her boy was feverish and his temperature rose higher and higher with the passing hours, until the evening when Dr. Guerin was sent for to prescribe for the little one, and assure the anxious mamma that his illness was of a trivial nature. Nevertheless when the hour for the family retirement arrived, Madam de Mont-Villers would not consent to confide the care of her child to any one but herself or husband.

"You are childish, Vera; there's nothing in the world the matter with the boy; still, to keep you quiet, I'll promise to awake you at midnight and remain with him until then, if you will retire and sleep," said de Mont-Villers.

"Yes, Ernest, I will do so, if you will promise me to sleep here upon the nursery couch in the meantime."

Monsieur de Mont-Villers was disposed to ridicule the story of the attempted abduction of the child, but was tactful enough to appear sympathetic and to conceal his opinion upon the subject from his wife.

Vera bent fondly over her sleeping boy in his silken draped cradle, kissed his lips lightly and hastened from the room.

When she reached her apartment she remembered that she had not embraced her husband good-night. Conscience-smitten at her neglect, she ran back to the nursery and threw her arms around his neck.

"Ernest, you are very kind to humor me tonight as you are doing! You are always so much kinder to me than I deserve," she said with a pathos in her voice that deeply touched the young husband's heart. "Do you know, Ernest, I think I never felt my unworthiness more than I do tonight? Will you forgive me my many shortcomings?" pleaded Vera with earnestness.

For response her husband pressed her to his heart.

"It is easy to pardon where there is no sin, my best beloved," he said imprinting a kiss upon her brow.

"Where there is no sin!" repeated Vera.

"Yes, my darling, where there is no sin! Now run along to bed—and good-night!"

"Oh, my God!" moaned the heart-broken wife, when she reached her room again, and, without disrobing, threw herself down upon her couch. "Oh, how little you know what you forgive the wife you have loved so long and well! My heart is sinking under the burden of its guilt! Oh, that I could follow my impulse, and throw myself at your dear feet like a contrite Magdalene, and confessing all my sin, bathe them with the tears of my repentence! But I did not know! I meant no wrong!"

While the mistress of Beaumanoir, writhing under her weight of remorse, was trying to gain the sleep that would enable her to pass the remainder of the night beside her ailing baby, Madam Gustave was sending an imperative demand by her maid for Monsieur de Mont-Villers to visit her apartment immediately. She had news of vital importance to impart.

With reluctance that gentleman threw on his dressing gown and crossed to the widow's apartment.

Madam Gustave was unusually suave and conciliatory.

"My son," she began.

"What the deuce is the matter with the woman?" mentally ejaculated de Mont-Villers in amazement at the widow's patronizing familiarity.

"I have the saddest duty to perform that ever fell to the lot of a kindly disposed woman," she continued, while her listener decided that it was time to commit her to a lunatic asylum and began looking about for means of exit in case she developed any further alarming signs of mental disturbance.

"I found a bit of your wife's property this morning which will open your eyes as to the kind of life partner you have chosen," she continued.

"Woman! how dare you, of all women on earth, make use of my wife's name in any insinuating manner? Take back those words, or I'll throttle you!" Monsieur de Mont-Villers now had doubt of the woman's sanity.

She is a villain, and wants to play off some of her deviltry here," thought he as she advanced toward him with a tiny slip of yellowish paper in her hand. Madam Gustave had not intended to show her hand so early in the game. Her scheme was of an altogether different kind, but the open defiance of the man before her roused all the long surpressed wrath of her violent nature to such a degree that she threw prudence to the winds for the gratification of humbling and crushing him.

"Read that, defiant son of a defiant and cruel father," she hissed, extending to him the fatal slip of paper. Monsieur de Mont-Villers took it mechanically.

It was unfolded and his eye caught a name that rivited his attention. He read the lines like one in a dream, then flung the obnoxious bit of paper from him as though it had been a viper and left Madam Gustave's room without uttering another word.

He walked to his smoking-room, opened the drawer of his cabinet, extracted something which he placed in his hip-pocket. He ran lightly to his wife's room to assure himself that she slept.

"She begged my forgiveness," he muttered to himself, "I'll return shortly and then —"

Somebody was astir in the nursery; footsteps approached.

Softly as he entered the room he departed from it, descended the staircase, walking rapidly down the leafless poplar avenue so familiar and dear to him since the days when Vera and he had played together under their shadow in their days of childhood!

He looked up at the great white mansion. There was a dim light in his wife's room. "My wife's room," he said mockingly. "No not my wife's room, but the room of Dan Alsten's paramour."

He looked upward at the glittering stars that seemed to his dazed brain like the shiny eyes of angels beckoning him to a brighter world.

There was a sudden flash of flame that could be distinctly seen among the leafless shrubbery on the lawn of Beaumanoir, followed by the sharp report of a pistol shot in the still, crisp midnight air—and the end of one of life's most tragic chapters was attained.

"What was that noise?" exclaimed Madam de Mont-Villers, rising startled from the bed where he had been so long in coaxing slumber.

"Why, I suppose I must have been dreaming! I wonder if I have over slept myself, or if Ernest has forgotten to awaken me," she said to herself softly, as she took her watch nearer the low-burning gas jet.

"Why, it is half-past twelve, nay nearly 1 o'clock in the morning. They have all fallen asleep, for the house is silent as the grave."

She started out into the corridor where she was met with a blast of cool air that made her shiver. There was no light anywhere, and she groped her way in the direction of the nursery and the air grew colder and colder with every advancing step in that direction. "What does this darkness and this silence mean? Have they left the windows of the nursery open beside my sick baby?"

She reached the nursery to find the long windows leading to the veranda wide open. She groped her way to the mass of lace and silken draperies hanging round the bed of her baby. Her hands plunged down into the downy nest only to find it empty!

A horrible possibility born of the afternoon's experience with the strange woman at the road side, flashed across her appalled senses.

"Ernest! Ernest!" she called aloud, to one who would be henceforward deaf to all appeal, one whose rigid form lay extended in death upon the frosty lawn below.

Faithful Julie, frightened and trembling at the unnatural outcry of her mistress, was first to reach the nursery.

"What is it, my dear lady? How cold and dark it has grown! Why have you taken away my young master? Speak to me, dearest! Speak to your old Julie."

There was no response to the nurse's appeal. Her mistress was as mute as the young master upon whose upturned white face the stars gazed down so coldly.

"Take back those words, or I'll throttle you."

CHAPTER XX.

A NUN'S REWARD.

Life behind bars, whether as a result of wrong doing or an attempt at rendering God extra service by abandoning labor in the outside world and consigning oneself to a life of penitence in the cloister is an existence of questionable peace of mind.

Its conditions are unnatural. It is at best a trifle presumptuous to attempt an improvement upon the plans of the architect of the universe.

The discipline of the white-robed sisterhood at the abbey of St. Agathe-de-Chazy-le-Moine was severe.

From January 1 to December 31 meat was untasted by them. They retired to sleep upon wooden pillows and harsh mattresses at 8 o'clock at night, rising at one in the morning to keep a lonely vigil until four and then snatch another hour of sleep until a final summons from the great chapel bell called them to matins.

The disposition of their time during the day corresponded to that prevailing in other religious orders. Conversation beyond the salutation of "memento-mori," when the grim ladies met in the various hallways, was an unheard of dissipation.

Upon her renouncing the world Sister St. Angelique, the young woman once known as Louise Mauprat, had never renounced the hope of some day hearing a vindication of her father's innocence of the crime for which he had suffered upon the guillotine.

Antoine Mauprat's daughter had offered her young life in penance behind the cloisters as a propitiation for the sins of her parent, as her church told her she might do, and firmly as she believed in her God, she believed that her sacrifice was not in vain.

When the rumor of the master of Beaumanoir's suicide had been confirmed, and the abduction of his child and serious illness of the bereaved wife and mother seemed also to be assured facts, the nuns of the abbey commanded a celebration of masses for the benefit of the stricken family of de Mont-Villers that had so long been a generous patron of St. Agatha-de-Chazy-le-Moine.

To Sister St. Angelique the sad news regarding the sorrows of her dear whilom playmate and young mistress, Vera de Mont-Villers, was a poignant sorrow.

The social barriers and extraordinary circumstances that had long separated them had ever pained the gentle nun deeply.

The day on which the sad news from Beaumanoir reached the abbey, Sister St. Angelique yearned the first time since her entrance within its walls for her liberty. She was looking through the barred windows whence she could see the pointed gables of the old white manor of Beaumanoir just gilded with the rays of the setting sun, when a horseman rode rapidly up to the heavy granite portico of the abbey.

A few moments later the Abbess sent a lay-nun to summon Sister St. Angelique to the reception room.

The surprised sister followed her superior's messenger meekly to the plain little parlor of the abbey, where she found a tall, dark young stranger awaiting her. She recognized him as the horseman who so recently had ridden into the court yard under the window, and was astonished to hear the Abbess say upon her entering the room:

"Sister St. Angelique, I have broken the rule of our abbey in asking your presence. This gentleman, Monsieur Remo, will read you a statement duly vouched for before necessary authorities that will in every way vindicate the innocence of your father."

The announcement of the consummation of the one hope of her existence came so suddenly that the poor nun was deprived of speech. Her tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of her mouth, there was a great lump in her throat and her knees knocked together as she sank into a chair and buried her face in her hands.

The Abbess and stranger were silent for some minutes. Finally the former broke the silence by recalling the nature of the stranger's visit.

"Monsieur San Remo will read you the evidence of your father's innocence at once, my sister," said the reverend lady as the gentleman prepared to read the contents of a long document he held in his hand.

The dark West Indian, as San Remo appeared to be, was a striking looking young man with long, straight hair and very swarthy complexion. He sat with his back to the light as he read the story of the thrilling adventure in the depths of the earth in which he had met and obtained the dying confession of Paolo, the outcast and murderer.

When he had concluded, Sister St. Angelique's pent up emotion found vent in a flood of tears. Her excitement was so intense that the Abbess summoned a sister to conduct her from the room, and left alone with Monsieur San Remo she conferred with him regarding the most expedient means of placing the innocence of Mauprat before the world.

San Remo learned the names of the prosecuting attorney of the late gardener of Beaumanoir and also the facts of the sad fate of the master of that unfortunate household. The widow and her child, he was told, shared a fate scarcely less tragic than that of Monsieur Ernest de Mont-Villers. The babe was abducted the night of its father's death and the young mother—ill, very likely, unto death—had been removed in a state of semi-unconsciousness to the isle of Corfu, explained the Abbess. San Remo rose to depart intending to go at once to the office of Monsieur Francois-Joseph Audette, the attorney of the de Mont-Villers.

(To be continued next week.)

Sent Free to Any Man.

I will send (positively free of charge) to any man who is a victim of impotency, exhausted vitality, nervous and physical debility, or other results of error, a recipe which cured me after years of suffering. I was humbugged by quacks until I almost lost faith in mankind, but now I am a well and strong man and earnestly desire my fellows sufferers to get this wonderful recipe, which never fails to enlarge and strengthen small and weak organs. Cures speedily. Correspondence confidential. Address C. H. Muller, Box 1300, Kalamazoo, Mich.

What, Never?

"I've spoiled a trite saying, Jibbers."

"How so?"

"Hired a woman to do my collecting. Now they can't say any more that a woman's work is never dun!"

Tale of an Extravagant Girl.

"A penny for your thoughts!" she cried
To the dudeling by her side.
Then she stopped to reconsider
And her calm reflection bid her
Not to cling
To a bargain quite so rash,
So she spoke up like a flash:
"Hold! That's what bad habits bring—
In my extravagant way
I always do pay
About two prices for a thing!"

No More Drunks for Him.

A St. Paul lady has made a temperate man of her husband in a novel way. For two of three years he was a good deal of a lark. Night after night he came home saturated. At length one night he reached home so drunk that he went to bed with his boots on. She resolved now to cure him at any cost and soon had her plans laid. The next night he arrived home very drunk. The following morning he arose and looked in the large mirror in his room. His mouth was drawn out of shape, one cheek was a good deal higher than the other, and both were swollen; one eye was popping out of his head, and the other was sunken and drawn to twice its natural length; one ear sat on his neck and the other was split and stood almost on top of his head.

"Such a hellish picture as that I never saw before," muttered he.

Then he looked at the mirror to see that it was the same he had always used. It was the same frame, and, as it was built in the wall, it could not have been changed. He called his wife into the room.

"For God's sake, Mary, what's the matter with that mirror?" he said.

"Why, nothing that I know of, dear."

"Just look at it! See!"

She looked at it, and declared that she didn't see anything the matter with it.

"My God, I've got 'em," shouted he. "Send for a doctor!"

The doctor arrived, pronounced it a clear case, and prescribed. The husband was placed in his wife's bed in another room, and lay there a day or two. Before the physician permitted him to be out again he pledged her he would never drink again.

This was five years ago, and he has kept his pledge faithfully. But it is doubtful if he knows that the mirror which frightened him so was an imperfect glass, which had been put in the frame in place ofthe plate glass, and that while he was lying in his wife's bed-room the plate glass was restored its place.

Cold Comfort for Mr. B.

"Socrates Benstable!" exclaimed the long-suffering Mrs. B., one frosty morning. "I am going to start a new religion!"

"Roxianna!" responded the startled Mr. Benstable. "How you talk!"

"Yes! I am going to start a religion that will teach a man that it is just as cold for his wife to get up and build the fire as it is for him to do it!"

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that we want boys and young men in every town in the country to paint signs on fences, barns, walls, etc. No exeprience required. Our new method of sign painting enables any one to paint a sign equal to a professional sign painter. Big money. Write today. Enclose a stamp for reply. King Sign Works, 113 Fifth avenue, Chicago.

Finds Use for Everything.

When man finds something he can't eat he puts it on and wears it.

It is a well-known fact that those working in the vineyards of France and Germany are never troubled with disorders of the stomach. They are constantly eating grapes and the natural acid of the grape tones up the stomach, cures dyspepsia, relieves instantly indigestion, biliousness, flatulency, sick headache, etc. We have discovered a process of obtaining the acid from the grape in powdered form, and have placed it on the market. It is called Brown's Grape Acid. It works wonders. A package with full directions sent to any address postpaid for 25 cents. Address Brown Chemical Co., 113 Fifth ave., Chicago, Ill.

Notes of the Fall.

[illegible] of the hotel [illegible]

"That's a bevy of summer girls breaking their engagements."

A Big Firm for Chicago.

Sears, Roebuck & Co., whose general office has for years been in Minneapolis, Minn., with a branch house in Chicago, have recently removed their entire Minneapolis plant to Chicago and consolidated their whole business. They have erected one of the largest business blocks on the West Side in Chicago, at 173-175 West Adams street, where they occupy the entire building, including six immense floors 80 ft. by 186 ft., with their wonderfully large facilities, including nearly 300 drilled employes, large floor space, large stock of merchandise from the largest manufacturers in Europe and America, they are prepared to serve their customers as few concerns can. They issue a magnificent catalogue, a book of 464 pages, bound in lithograph cover and printed in ten colors, which they mail free on receipt of 5 cents to help to pay postage. Every reader should have this big book of bargains; it quotes the lowest prices for nearly everything the consumer uses.

In the Shape of Snakes.

The liquor which mankind imbibes
In going on his toots,
Goes to his stomach, then his head,
And lastly to his boots.

One Honest Man.

Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that if written to confidentially I will mail in a sealed letter the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from nervous weakness, night losses and weak, shrunken parts. I have no scheme to extort money from anyone whomsoever. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but, thank heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all. Having nothing to sell nor send C. O. D. I want no money. Address, Jas. A. Harris, box 60, Delray, Mich.

Mahommedan Tree Worship.

To a certain degree the inhabitants of all Mahommedan countries are worshipers of the tree known as the date palm. One of the prophet's most supreme and binding injunctions is "Honor thy paternal aunt, the date palm, for in paradise was it created, and from the very heap of dust out of which Adam's body was formed."

The Mahommedans also have a tradition to the effect that when Adam and Eve were driven from the garden they were allowed to take with them a date seed, and that from that single seed sprang all the date trees now known. By some admirable providence the original date seed was planted and the tree grew where the temple of Mecca now stands, and from its trunk was hewn the cradle which often lulled the infant Mahomet to sleep. The Mahommedans declare that all prayers are fulfilled which are made with the knees pressing upon palm wood, or with the same kind of wood in the hand.—St. Louis Republic.

Jim-Jams.

Detroit Free Press: Parkhurst struck Chicago just as she was getting her hat on straight after John Burns' visit.

Sioux City Journal: It is taking a good deal of coaxing to get Chicago to plunge into the municipal reform business.

Life: Chicago Mother—Dear me, Augustus, what makes your face so dirty? Her Son—I've been playing in the snow.

Baltimore American: Chicago has started a Trilby club. As the great foot center of the country Chicago undeniably had the first right.

New York World: Chicago has a phantom ship. Probably this is the ship for which the World's Fair speculators have been waiting so long.

Detroit Tribune: Sixty thousand Chicago people are said to be victims of the opium habit. The opium habit must be cheaper than moving away.

Boston Journal: Chicago already has organized a "Trilby club." It will be remembered that the "City of Wind" was always famous for its feet.

Milwaukee Sentinel: It is said of Colonel Waring, New York's new street cleaner, that he is really keeping the steets clean. This report is not credited to Chicago.

Talk Vs. Conversation.

Most people like to talk, but few know how to converse. It is one thing to detail various happenings, to chat a little about the weather or the latest news in our immediate circle it is another thing to discuss intelligently subjects of general interest, affairs of art or science or literature, or the events which are making history.

Not that we are to consider the matters of every day life as beneath our attention. Not that we are to be stilted or overdignified in our intercourse with others. We need a little of the coin of small talk for ordinary use. We certainly want to show a sympathetic interest in the concerns of friends and relatives. We do not need to bore them with lengthy reminiscences, or with the narratives of our own exploits or sufferings. It is not essential to either their happiness or our own that they should have a full exposition of the state of our feelings upon each ocasion of our lives.

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"WHAT JONATHAN BROWN SAW IN PARIS."
[illegible]
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A Dog Catcher's Error.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We are not in need of short stories, sketches, or poems, and do not desire to examine such matter. We will not be responsible for the return of any manuscript of this class which may be sent to us.

"The Doctor Detective."

"Four Millions at Stake."

[illegible]

WHAT DO THE DICKEY-BIRDS SAY?

BY W. R. STEELE.

Young Cholly Devillbiss, while under the trees,
On a bright, crispy morning in May,
Heard just overhead, while inhaling the breeze,
The twitter of birds in plumage gay.
Then the gardener he called, "Come hither, I pray,
And tell unto me what the dickey-birds say."

The gardener looked wise, cast his eyes up above,
And said to his master, "They're talking of love.
At this time o' year, sir, they're always that way;
I can't catch their words, but I know what they say—
'I love ye, I love ye,' throughout the whole day—
I know, sir, that's just what the dickey-birds say."

Miss Honeydew, also, was standing quite near,
And the gardener's reply she could not but hear.
She listened delighted—such sweet, charming words—
Poured forth from the throats of the dear little birds;
And turning to Cholly said in voice light and gay,
"I'll never forget what the dickeybirds say."

They walked on in silence, their thoughts in the trees,
Til he caught her soft hand and gave it a squeeze—
Then whispered, "I want this to keep, if I may—"
And told the old story in the same old way.
She sighed, grew red, and forgot to say, "Nay,"
While he breathed in her what the dickey-birds say.

DOCTOR JOHN.

BY MARY BELLE POOLE.

I—IN A BOARDING HOUSE.

Of all the queer creatures you ever came across, Doctor John was the queerest. He looked queer. His figure was too broad for its height, and his mild, kindly brown eyes seemed to be forever apologizing for the fierce little red mustache that tried in vain to hide the firm, pleasant mouth beneath it. He was not very young, fast nearing the forties, and the soft brown hair on his forehead was getting quite thin. In a few years more he must, of a necessity, bear the sometimes humiliating stigma, "a bald-headed man." He was absent-minded to an alarming degree, and a bit short-sighted. He had no home, but lived around in boarding houses, carrying always about with him a small menagerie (picked up in India years ago), a stuffed tiger, with fierce, horrible eyes, a parrot that refused positively to utter a syllable, but strutted about in a big gilt cage with becoming dignity, and a pale, grinning skeleton and brown, weazened-faced mummy, besides a lot of curios and antiques, for which this quiet, unobtrusive little old bachelor had a passion. Indeed it seemed his one object in life was to collect all the queer things imaginable and carry them about from city to city in two mammoth trunks that called forth "curses not loud but deep" from long-suffering express men.

After drifting over half the world, he one day landed way down in quaint old New Orleans, and went looking about in all sorts of locations for "Rooms to Let" or "Boarding."

He found himself ringing the bell at a tall tenement house, away up above Canal street.

Somehow, he felt drawn to "inquire within," because of a certain homelikeness (the word is coined, but just expressed it) that seemed to pervade the long, low doorstep, or, perhaps, it was the violet [illegible]

The landlady (Doctor John [illegible]) that she was a lady—one of those delicate, refined women that abound in our large cities; women that have lost the golden apple of success, and therefore must slay all the feelings of purple pride [illegible]

[illegible]

laughed and danced and enjoyed through it all, and some of the most fashionable girls were really kind and sweet, and made her feel like one of them. But these pleasures were rare.

Still Minnie's dream was to become a leader in fashionable life, and she was always using every means in her little power to aid in this much desired end.

Virginia was entirely different. She had a little thin, dark face, and a wide, lovely mouth.

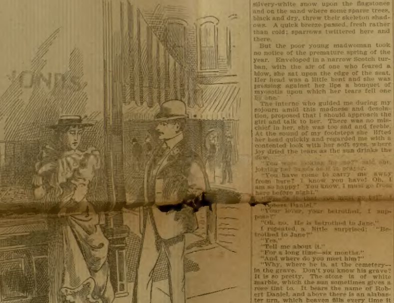
She made fun of Marian and Minnie and their pet hobbies. She laughed shamelessly at poor unsuspecting Doctor John, his private museum, the cut of his coat, and his fierce little red mustache. She made fun of their keeping boarders, and even of the old genealogical tree (though in her secret heart she worshiped at its bulky shrine and was every whit an aristocrat) that her mother so fondly treasured. She laughed at the old-fashioned furniture, and made faces in the rather murky French glass mirrors in their ponderous gilt frames, but rubbed the former till it looked new and shiny, and polished the latter until they grew actually ashamed of themselves and reflected only the bright and flaming things. Yes, Virginia was an energetic little soul, and declared often that if things ever came to the worst, which they hardly ever do, that she would hire out as an artistic decorator of interiors, as her most fervent delight was in making the house attractive, moving the furniture and re-arranging the ornaments, draping curtains or hanging pictures.

Again a fit of laziness would come over her, and she would lie on the sofa all day long, read the horrible "Heavenly Twins," "Trilby," or even one of Ouida's forbidden fruit novels, which, as a modest and self-respecting young woman, she should have known absolutely nothing.

Virginia was delightfully human and, what is still better, she was sympathetic.

The flighty widow, who never affiliated with Marian or Minnie, had taken Virginia into her confidence long ago—had told her how lonely her life was, or would be if it were not for a certain consul to Italy, whom she met often in society (the widow had managed an entree to the sacred inner circle). Of course, she would not speak of this to any one else—a widow had to be so careful, she was so cruelly watched; every little innocent word or look criticized—but it was so easy to talk to Virginia. She understood things so [illegible]

[illegible]



"Virginia, Virginia, I've come back!"

[illegible]

an electric car for home, and as he closed the dark, damp hall door, Doctor John took both her little trembling hands in his own firm, soft, white ones—the red silk waist and the trace of tears too often shed had done the business. The timid, little, short-sighted doctor was brave as a lion now, and said:

"Virginia, I've come back. I've come back to marry you."

And what did the foolish Virginia do but throw herself into his outstretched arms and sob out:

"Oh, I'm so glad! I'm so glad! Now you've got back, Doctor John, everything will come right again."

DEAD LOVE.

BY IDA M. COOKE.

Close thy doors, O heart! O heart!
Let not the light come in;
Bid each intruding guest depart,
Shut out the noise and din.
Love, that did ever faithful keep
Watch o'er thy treasure—dost thou weep?—
Lieth alone in wakeless sleep,
Silent and cold and dead!

Though its bliss be thine no more,
Nor its pure light thy day,
Think of the anguish that it bore
Ere its soul passed away.
Every feeling with pity blend,
Think of it as a lost, lost friend,
Screen from the world its sorrowful end,
Holding thy secret dear.

Close thy doors, O heart! O heart!
Let not an eye behold,
Earth in thy loss will take no part,
It to thyself enfold.
By thy deep passion speedily fled,
By thy loved past, he feelings led
Silent, remember it is thy dead,
Thine 'tis, yea, thine alone!

JANE'S SWEETHEART.

So young, scarcely 17, and pretty, though thin and pale, with her blond hair undone and her blue eyes humid with tears like two little moist skies, the mad woman sat upon a stone in the asylum yard.

About her the winter sunshine whitened the high walls, showing a cloth of silvery-white snow upon the flagstones and on the sand where some sparse trees, black and dry, threw their skeleton shadows. A quick breeze passed, fresh rather than cold; sparrows twittered here and there.

But the poor young madwoman took no notice of the premature spring of the year. Enveloped in a narrow Scotch turban, with the air of one who feared a blow, she sat upon the edge of the seat. Her head was a little bent and she was pressing against her lips a bouquet of [illegible]

[illegible]

story is ended—no, there is something else. At the risk of your ridicule I will tell it. It is that I executed her commission.

AN ILL-MANNERED VISITOR.

De norf win' am a-hongry,
He comes s'archin' low and high,
An' swollerin' up mos' ebry t'ing
Dat catches ob his eye.

He am losin' ob his temper,
Take a wa'nin' when he roars,
Case he's li'ble to bite yer ef
He meet yer out ob doors.

He et de sunshine as it came
A-tricklin' f'um de souf,
An' used de table-clof ob snow
For wiping off 'is mouf.

He et de leaves, he et de grass
All up f'om eb'rywhere;
Dah's nuffin' lef ter eat, an' dat
What make 'im cuss an' tear.

THE DISPATCH BEARER;

OR,

A SOLDIER IN BLUE.

A Story of Gettysburg and the Siege of Richmond.

By HUGH ALLEN, of the New York Press.

["The Dispatch Bearer" was commenced in No. 8. Back numbers can be obtained of the agent or by writing to the Chicago office. Price, five cents each.]

CHAPTER XXXIII.
UNDER THE GUNS.

"Mind your business, my good fellow—obey the pilot's bell when he rings, and you're safe. Make a mistake and I'll discharge you," said Julian.

The engineer was a man of sense.

He did not exactly comprehend—there was no suit of blue upon the man who spoke with such authority, but he could guess a good deal.

It was evident that his only way to keep a head on his body was to obey [illegible]

[illegible]

He was thus able to watch the engineer and at the same time keep an eye on deck for possible storms.

Meanwhile the others were carrying out their share of the program.

As soon as Forbes had severed the cable he made a straight streak for the pilot house, since his duty took him there.

[illegible]

Straight to the old home he went and found his father—no one else; but the Colonel was looking quite at peace, and leading Tom to the hospital there they discovered those they sought, still angels in the garb of women, tenderly caring for the wounded who had given all they had for the lost cause.

What need of more?

Forbes did dance at Captain Tom's wedding and there is no more honored guest on the Virginia plantation today than the war correspondent when he comes home from a foreign land.

THE END.

Where the Shoe Pinched.

Wife—Dear Paul, is it possible that you doubt what I tell you?

Husband—No, my dear. It's what you don't tell me that puzzles me.

It can never be that everybody else is wrong and you alone are right.

TIME.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

Do you wish me, then, away?
You should rather bid me stay;
Though I seem so dull and slow,
Think before you let me go!

Whether you entreat or spurn
I can nevermore return;
Times shall come and times shall be,
But no other time like me.

Though I move with leaden feet,
Light itself is not so fleet;
And before you know me gone
Eternity and I are one.

CAPTAIN PAUL;

OR,

The Sea Robbers of New York.

A Story of Capt. Kidd's Last Cruise.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

["Captain Paul" was commenced in No. 10. Back numbers can be obtained of the agent, or by addressing the Chicago office. Price, five cents each.]

CHAPTER IX.

SILENCE.

Leaving the two almost frantic scouts to reach the spot, let us go back and ascertain the facts leading up to this amazing situation.

After the two scouts had gone away, affairs in the vicinity of the inn assumed something of their normal condition, though possibly there was an air of excitement around the place, and more men that were usually seen at such a late hour.

Most of them were at the landing ready to resist any invasion on the part of Kidd's men, and incidentally to discover if possible, what became of their two emissaries who had voluntarily started upon such a bold mission.

Van Bibber, flushed with the importance of the trust given to his keeping, placed his company of rangers in the most advantageous position possible, with a view to covering the landing.

Woe indeed to the enemy attempting to gain a footing on that line of roughly hewn planks when such an array of miscellaneous weapons was drawing a focus upon its extent—they must have been scattered to the four winds.

So they waited, some in evident trepidation, others openly boasting how they would greet Captain Kidd's terrors with a bold face and teach him that tactics picked up in the South Seas could not be practiced with impunity upon the good people near New York.

Katrina had not retired. There was too much electricity in the air around the erstwhile sleepy old tavern to allow of slumber.

She flitted from top room to porch, and eagerly questioned any one who came from the landing; but they brought no news.

At length, unable to restrain her curiosity and eagerness to know what was passing, she donned a long mantle, and in company with the shock-headed shore boy, made her way to the nearest point where under ordinary conditions a view could be obtained of the sound.

She was just in time to hear certain sounds that came over the water, sounds that were indicative of excitement on board some vessel, the sudden shot and subsequent clamor of tongues as the pirates jumped for their boats.

Knowing what this meant Katrina trembled and uttered pitiful little prayers to heaven to guard the bold men who had taken such risks in the interest of duty [illegible]

[illegible] increased.

Finally all became silent again, and she returned to the tavern to learn if any news had come from the venturesome scouts.

Hours passed on, and midnight arrived without any token being received to decide the issue.

It was the general opinion of the devoted warriors who watched the landing and covered many an imaginary foe with their dreadful weapons, that in escaping from the foe, Josiah Powley and his companion, the King's messenger, must have become bewildered in the heavy fog, the like of which had seldom been seen in that region, and were still paddling about upon the sound or else had made a landing some distance away.

How correct these surmises were we have some means of knowing.

Had they correctly guaged the designs of the man with whom Captain Drew had engaged in mortal combat the evening before, the good people around Van Seggern's might have adopted even more stringent means in order to defend themselves against an attack.

While they watched the bung hole they forgot there was a spigot.

Men who have lived by war—men who have the whole civilized world's hand raised against them, must be expected to watch out for the chances, and to accept any oversight on the part of those lined up against them.

Thus it was that a boat, creeping through the fog in the direction of the landing, and unseen by the patriots gathered in ambush there, came close enough for its inmates to hear the remarks exchanged by Van Bibber's followers.

Perhaps the boastful tone of these speakers caused more than one piratical rover in that boat to gnash his teeth with impotent rage—it might be they would have liked nothing better than an order to advance upon the landing, for it must have been some time since their wolf blood had a chance to boil, or their nerves to tingle under their exhilerating cry.

The man in command was not there to open up a desperate engagement, however, though he came ready to fight if necessary.

When he discovered that a landing could not be effected at this point without a conflict, he knew what to do, thanks to his having been brought up in this neighborhood.

Whispered orders were given.

The boat changed her course, and silent as a phantom craft moved in the direction of the cliff where Jasper some hours before had made as daring a leap for life as a modern Sam Patch or Steve Brodie could boast.

His mission there was evident—the cliff path had been forgotten by Van Bibber when he set about placing his recruits on guard.

Just as the English under the valiant Wolfe, later on climbed the river walls and surprised the French on the field of Abraham, near Montreal, so this shrewd buccaneer meant to steal a march upon those who awaited his coming with the intention of giving him a hot reception, and sending a few of his men into the next world without the assistance of book or clergy.

Thus they landed at the platform where the steep cliff path came to an end.

A dozen men got out of the boat, picked desperadoes from among the crew, representing all nationalities, and not averse to continuing the career of bloodshed begun on tropical seas, within this peaceful land of western sun.

Jasper himself led the way to the heights, Jasper whose unholy passion for Katrina had always burned within his breast, and who gloried in the thought that such remarkable circumstances allowed him a chance to secure a bride, for he was sure that once the fair girl found herself on board the pirate vessel, among strange and fierce men, she would gladly turn to him as her protector, her all.

It never entered her head that oft times a high spirited girl has been known to gladly welcome death rather than life under such conditions—nor would he have cared had the idea ever come to him, for such passion is of the rule or ruin policy, and when possession is denied the next best thing is to prevent any other from being more lucky.

A strange spectacle these men would have presented could any one have seen them in the daytime, stringing up that rocky path, clad in all manner of garments as suited the fancy of buccaneers from the tropics.

In the darkness the effect was lost, and they toiled upward in silence.

Once a stone was dislodged and went plunging into the sea, but the splash might have been taken for the sound caused by a leaping fish.

At length they reached the top.

Jasper counted heads and waited until the last fellow appeared, growling horribly at the man's delay, which might yet cost them dear.

Then they set out for the tavern.

The fog was not visible on the heights, and it was easy to distinguish the lights streaming from the windows of the inn. Jasper chuckled as he strode on, and anticipated a victory.

"Caleb, remember yours the task to fire the stable. The rest back me up. The more noise the better; but one word of warning my fine fellows—beware the Dutch gun of the fat inn keeper if you love life. Now, boarders away!"

CHAPTER X.

THE ASSAULT OF THE SEA ROBBERS.

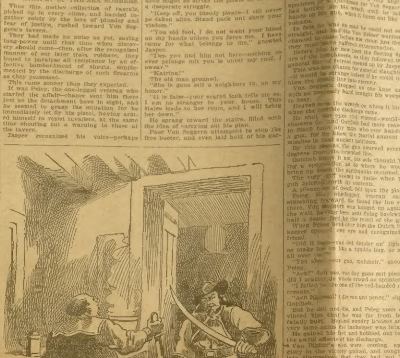
Thus this motley collection of rascals, picked up in every clime, and banded together solely by the love of plunder and fear of justice, rushed toward Von Seggern's tavern.

They had made no noise as yet, saving lung-power until that time when discovery should come—then, after the recognized manner of our later train robbers, they hoped to paralyze all resistance by an effective bombardment of shouts, supplemented by the discharge of such firearms as they possessed.

This came sooner than they expected.

It was Peleg, the one-legged veteran who started the affair—chance sent him there just as the detachment hove in sight, and he seemed to grasp the situation for he immediately let fly his pistol, having armed himself to resist invaders, at the same time shouting out a warning to those at the tavern.

Jasper recognized his voice—perhaps



"Keep off, you bloody pirate."

Peleg could not refrain from identifying himself by the use of the strange foreign oaths that seemed a part of his vocabulary, and sprung spontaneously from his lips whenever he became excited.

Such was Jasper's fury that he did a very unwise thing—weakened his force by sending a fellow to finish the croaker whom they might thank for giving the alarm prematurely.

He never came back—Peleg was a master hand at a little affair of this sort, and, acting under the suggestion of his Captain, had so loaded himself down with a variety of weapons from Von Seggern's wonderful collection, that he appeared to be a walking or rather hopping arsenal—more than this he knew how to use many of the strange contrivances which were mysteries to the average Dutch-American.

Meanwhile Caleb had started to carry out his share of the work.

The stable was near by, and open to any one, for Von Seggern only possessed the wretched jackass, so that horse thieves were not feared.

Fire had been brought from the ship by this deperate rascal, in some receptacle, live coals that could be immediately kindled into a blaze when placed in contact with dry hay.

It was because of these arrangements that the blaze sprang up as if by magic, enveloping the structure in a fiery mantle.

The the jackass lifted his gentle voice and wept, men hoarsely shouted and added to the clamor by the discharge of firearms, which, if provided with flint locks and peculiar in their build, were capable of making as much noise as modern weapons, and noise was what they wanted just then.

Pandemonium had certainly broken loose in the usually quiet nook where the Von Seggern Arms reposed, and it looked as though horrid war had descended upon the scene.

The corpulent inn-keeper was on deck, and immediately began prancing around in a mad search for his famous blunderbuss, which he seemed to have misplaced.

Others there were, several neighbors who had either failed to enter Van Bibber's detachment of defenders, or else strolled up from the landing in search of a positive preventative of ague, that might be contracted in the damp air near the water, and which stimulent in the shape of stiff grog, Von Seggern had the reputation of making better than any other man around New York.

These worthies almost fell over each other in their excitement and there was about as strong a chance of their demolishing friends as foes.

When the fierce pirates swooped down upon them, such a scattering as ensued—a hawk descending upon a covey of quail could not produce more consternation than swept over these valiant sons of Mars, possibly accustomed to mimic warfare, or skirmishes with prowling Indians, but certainly not the descent of the avalanche.

One fellow crawled into an empty wine barrel—another hid his head and shoulders under a pile of garments on the tavern porch, possibly being imbued with the ostrich notion that because everything was hidden from his gaze he must be securely secreted—while a third terror-stricken burgher made a wild leap and vanished in the open cistern, from the depths of which issued various frenzied cries for help, suddenly ending when he discovered there was only three feet of water there.

Thus the buccaneers had an apparent clear field—their onset, together with the terror evoked by the fire already springing up in the stable, had demoralized the defenders of the tavern.

All but Van Seggern!

He had not yet remembered where he placed his wonderful gun, and the way he rushed up and down was wearisome to the flesh.

Outside the harsh voice of Jasper was heard as he ordered his men in line, prepared to give Van Bibber's guard a hot reception when they came straggling up from the landing.

Then into the top room marched the leader, looking his fiercest, a sword in one hand and in the other a pistol.

It was enough to make a peaceful man's knees knock together to see him scowl.

Von Seggern, not having found his beloved gun, and his pistols in the possession of the school-master, was unarmed.

In deperation he snatched up the cheese knife from the bar, and with a chair flanking him right and left prepared to sell his life dearly.

He recognized Jasper, and remembered that in days gone by they two had never been friends.

The hour of reckoning had come, but what show would such a corpulent man have against this agile individual, a common cheese knife against a tried and tempered Damascus blade?

Wildly he brandished his weapon, perhaps in the hope that his martial appearance might so strike the pirate as to avert a desperate struggle.

"Keep off, you bloody pirate—I vill never pe taken alive. Stand pack unt show your visdom."

"You old fool, I do not want your blood on my hands unless you force me. I have come for what belongs to me," growled Jasper.

"Den you find him not here—nothing as ever pelongs mit you is unter my roof, I swear."

"Katrina!"

The old man groaned.

"She is gone mit a neighbors to, on my honor."

"It is false—your scared look tells me so. I am no stranger to your house. This stairs leads to her room, and I will bring her down."

He sprang toward the stairs, filled with the idea of carrying out his plan.

Poor Von Seggern attempted to stop the free booter, and even laid hold of his garments when the other was partly up the stairs.

Then Jasper half turned and with a dreadful string of invectives fired his pistol almost into the face of the desperate Teuton, who, releasing his clutch rolled down the few steps.

A minute later and he staggered to his feet—a mark of blood upon his face showed where the contents of the desperado had come within an ace of ending his life.

He made no further effort to follow Jasper, but wrung his fat hands, moaning:

"My gun—to der tyful mit my head pecause I cannot remember!" and relapsing into his Dutch vernacular he berated himself in the most unmerciful manner.

Suddenly he ceased.

He looked up and over his face came an expression of extreme foolishness.

"Dunder and plitzen! I have peen make a fool py my family, put now I remember—al is not yet lost!"

With that he waddled from the tap room into the adjoining kitchen.

Jasper Renshaw, relieved of the inn keeper's weight when the latter released his hold and went tumbling backward, lost no time in reaching the top of the stairs.

He was quite at home in the quaint old tavern, since his boyhood had been spent in this neighborhood.

It was no hindrance to him, therefore, when he found the upper part of the house but dimly lighted.

He knew Katrina's apartment, just as he was acquainted with the room where Von Seggern himself slept—indeed, Jasper depended considerably upon his former intimacy with the Von Seggerns to carry out his present schemes.

The door was fast—he tried to open it, but though the latch worked some other force held it fast.

Jasper knew this was a bolt—in those days such a thing with wooden bars did duty to hold most doors, and served admirably too.

In vain he worked the latch.

Next he pounded on the door and although a plain feminine shriek came from beyond, he was no nearer a solution of the enigma.

More heroic treatment was necessary, and as he drew away a few feet the pirate planted his entire weight with crushing force upon the obstacle to his progress.

The bolt proved unequal to the strain—it flew from its hold, the door went backward, and with a cry of triumph Jasper Renshaw sprang into the chamber to claim his prize.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RESULTS OF THE RAID.

Believing that the goddess of fortune had given the game into his hands Jasper Renshaw crossed the threshold that should have been sacred against man's intrusion.

The apartment was lighted, and eagerly he looked around for the form of the charming Katrina, for whom he entertained such a passion that, to win her he risked liberty and life.

To his chagrin he found the room apparently devoid of human occupancy, and was about to hustle around in the hope of finding the object of his search when a movement at the window attracted his attention.

Only one step he took in that direction, but it was enough—a cry broke from the crouching figure on the slanting roof of the long low Dutch kitchen, and as if in sudden fright the muffled object scurried down to the eaves and made a frantic leap to the ground.

Jasper was hot upon the track—the stable was roaring now, the tongues of flame shooting upward high in the air, and it was easy to see an object even as small as a dog in any direction.

Across the open space in plain view rushed the girl—that it was Katrina he saw to a certainty—and flushed with the chase he made a flying leap from the roof, landing safely boots and all, after which he speedily shortened the distance separating him from the flying cloaked figure that struggled desperately to escape.

Such impetuosity could have but one result—he rapidly shortened the intervening distance, and was bound to overtake the object of his chase.

A change had come over the scene, for Van Bibber and his valiant men, rushing up from the landing in response to the call for help had been met by a staggering volley that threw them into a panic.

The pirates, seeing their leader headed toward the cliff in his pursuit of the fleeing girl, thought it time for them to sound the retreat since his main object of the foray was seemingly accomplished.

It was about this time there appeared on the scene an element that promised to make some important changes on the map—nothing more or less than that famous blunderbuss of the rotund and jocund innkeeper.

With the weapon came also a very angry specimen of a Dutchman for Von Seggern had bottled up his wrath until he laid hands on his gun, when it burst out like a volcano.

In fact he was so mad he could not see straight, and but the Van Bibber warriors chanced to come before his vision just then they must have suffered extermination.

Before him he saw pass the fleeting figures of the buccaneers, as they followed the general line of retreat opened up by Jasper.

This was his chance for general slaughter—it would be strange indeed if he could not blow the whole line into eternity.

Von Seggern dropped on one knee and with an unsteady hand brought his weapon to bear.

Heaven help the wretch on whom it lined when the terrible discharge came.

He shut his eyes and winced—would-be shooters do—and Gottlieb had more reason to flinch than any man who ever handled a gun, for he knew the fearful amount of missiles in that ancient heirloom.

By this means the gun swerved several degrees from its intended line.

Gottlieb knew it not, his sole thought being a speculation as to where he would bring up when the earthquake occurred.

The very cliff seemd to quake when the gun belched forth its contents.

A silence as of death fell upon the place.

Peleg, the one-legged veteran came stumbling forward. He found the inn still there. Von Seggern was banged up against the wall, having been sent flying backward half a dozen feet by the recoil of the gun.

When Peleg bent over him the Dutch innkeeper opened one eye and recognized a friend.

"Did it rain—was dot dunder an' lightin' as make me so like a tumble bug, so sore all over [illegible]"

"You shot your gun, meinheir," shouted Peleg.

"Ach! Dell me, vas dey gone mit pieces—did I scatter de whole crowd as splinters?"

"I failed to see one of the red-headed miscreants."

"Ach Himmel! I die me unt peace," sighed Gottlieb.

But he did not die, and Peleg soon convinced him that he was far from being fatally hurt. Beyond sundry bruises and a very lame arms the innkeeper was intact.

He gained his feet and hobbled out to see the awful affects of his discharge.

Van Bibber's men were coming up to glory in the victory gained, and congratulate themselves that they had not been within reach of that holocaust of flame, that tornado of lead which sprung from Gottlieb's blunderbuss.

They found the channel cut by the deluge—a small sapling shivered, the ground torn up as if by a harrow—but no remnants of human bodies.

Peleg declared solemnly it was his belief that the wretched buccaneers must have been blown bodily away over the cliffs into the sea, and Von Seggern was ony too willing to pin his faith on such assurance.

While they was thus chattering away, like a lot of magpies, each one giving his experience, and telling what wonderful things he would have performed had a [illegible]

[illegible]

Immediately there was a scattering—men sought shelter, some behind trees, others throwing themselves on the ground.

The valiant Van Bibber stood there waving his sword, and calling his patriots to be firm, and remember the good cause for which they fought, but Peleg was the only one who backed him up.

Before a shot could be fired the latter recognized one of the newcomers.

"It's Captain Drew—they are friends!" he shouted.

"Friends—do not fire, my brave fellows. Once more you have shown your valor—your names shall go down in history as the saviors of the land. Close up and receive friends," cried Van Bibber.

It was of course Drew and the pedagogue who came up panting for breath.

The stable still blazed, although nearly gone, and the poor jackass, having been rescued from an untimely death had pranced away to look at the destruction of his home from a safe distance.

"Are you all here?" asked the Kin's officer, as soon as he could catch his breath.

"Only three wounded and no one fatally," said one.

"There is a private lying over yonder," declared another.

"And I put some excellent lead in a great black rascal which I warrant he will carry until the hangman serves him," from a third.

"How about you, meinheer?"

"Py shiminy, I am one spot all over, put I haf done dot which dey said I would never do—fired dot little gun."

"And Mistress Katrina?"

"Vot?"

Without a word of explanation the rotund Gottlieb started for the tavern—all his aches were forgotten in an instant, for a wave of horror had swept over him.

He remembered seeing Jasper Renshaw speeding over the open in pursuit of a feminine figure whose garments were flapping in the wind as she vainly endeavored to elude the fate that was bearing down upon her.

It was of course Katrina.

While they like fools had been boasting of their valorous deeds, and speculating how the host of pirates had been swept from the cliff into the sea, the villain Jasper had had opportunity enough to hasten with his prey down the path, and by this time must be half way to the vessel.

No wonder poor Gottlieb was horror stricken at the facts so suddenly brought before him.

No wonder he started for the inn as fast as his short legs could take him.

Sacred love spurred him on, and all minor things became as naught.

Captain Drew instantly surmised that something was wrong, and despairing of getting the facts from any of those belonging to Van Bibber's boastful command, he turned upon Peleg.

That worthy had a tongue and knew right well how to use it.

He had traveled much about the world and outside of his accomplishment of swearing in fourteen languages, was a well informed person.

Without any beating about the bush he informed his Captain what the truth seemed to be.

Drew of course terribly shocked, since the very thing he had feared had come to pass.

With the others he followed Von Seggern, now half way to the tavern.

If Katrina had fallen into the hands of the rascally Renshaw, and carried on board the vessel that sailed under the black flag, how then could she be rescued?

In this awful frame of mind Drew reached the tavern door.

Von Seggern was already mounting the stairs and the Captain bounded after him, more with the intention of asking questions than that the slightest hope had been kindled in his breast.

As he entered the maiden's apartment he found Gottlieb looking about at the empty space, wringing his fat hands and moaning piteously as though his heart were indeed broken.

(To be continued next week.)

In 1995.

"You'll do just as I tell you," said the husband of the advanced woman, ... his wife.

"What!" shrieked her husband, "I'd have you understand that I wear the skirts in this family."

A WORLD'S FAVORITE.

Fashions May Come and Go, but This Has Come to Stay.

Attractive Outwardness and True Inwardness.

This season has brought many fashions. But hundreds of the styles which have come will as quickly go and be heard of no more. One, however, is sure to remain.

It was caught up by the fashionable world as a desirable ornament; it was endorsed for its usefulness by the middle classes, and accepted by the masses as a necessity of life.

It was a success, a success because it rested upon common sense. This universal fashion is the full-length overgarment. When lined with warm fur it protects the Sleigh Belle against the winter's cold; made of checked water-proofing, it attractively shelters the Easter Lily from April showers. The Summer Girl travels immaculate from soot and dust beneath its dainty linen covering, while the Mountain Maid, under its cloth draperies, shrugs her pretty shoulders at the autumn blizzards.

At all seasons it is becoming and adds to the attractive outwardness of feminine humanity. It is, however, not only in attractive outwardness that common sense rules, but in the true inwardness of life as well.

Here is a case in point:

Some years ago the head of the most successful health institute in America, the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., set out to make a much needed discovery which should be founded on common sense and appeal to the common sense of common humanity. This man, R. V. Pierce, M. D., author of The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, of which

OVER HALF A MILLION

Copies had already been sold, had from his long experience as a scientific investigator, physician and student of human nature, become convinced that the American people, particularly American women, lacked nervous stamina. The very energy which enabled them to conquer a new land and become first among the nations, was proving a task master which was driving men and women to physical prostration. Whether this prostration found its seat in the nervous system, brain, heart, lungs, stomach, kidneys, liver, or blood—and whether it was called rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, female weakness, brain fag, insomnia, heart disease, or nervous prostration, Dr. Pierce reasoned, and very properly, that the cause was due to our high pressure manner of living. He found furthermore, that these disorders could not be reached by the remedies of other nations or other times, but that these peculiar and hitherto unknown conditions called for a peculiar and hitherto unknown system of treatment. People who burned the candle at both ends, could not need a stimulant but a new means of strength, which could only be gained by creating new tissue, new blood and new nerve force. After long experiments, covering many thousand cases, he gave to

the profession and the public Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. These differ from all other medicines, compounds, emulsions, tonics and sarsaparillas as bread differs from straw.

Dr. Pierce was the first to discover and recognize the great value of certain American herbs and roots in the treatment of ailments peculiar to American women, and he alone has succeeded in combining, by processes of his invention, the valuable elements into preparations which nourish, strengthen and re-vitalize the over-worked and pain-racked system.

The aim of this common sense physician and the object of his common sense remedies, was not to give patients a course of "temporary physical patchwork," but to go to the root of disease and effect permanent cures. The result is that in every city, town and county of the Union, merchants, farmers, mechanics and laborers, their

WIVES, MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS,

have taken his medicines into their homes, and that they are there as household goods. His "Favorite Prescription" is increasing the outward attractiveness and the true inwardness of the "Sleigh Belle," the "Easter Lily," the "Summer Girl," the "Mountain Maid," and the House Wife and Home worker, because it gives the true elements of new health, strength and life, and his "Golden Medical Discovery" is converting weak and weary, helpless and hopeless men, women and children into strong, vigorous, happy beings. The latter medicine is the great blood purifier, nerve food and flesh builder, imparting nerve force and building up—not fat, but solid, firm flesh, when reduced below the healthy standard by "wasting diseases." It does not make too corpulent people more fat but builds up the solid, muscular flesh to the healthy, or normal standard.

It is an invigorating tonic and cures indigestion, or dyspepsia, "liver complaint or biliousness," and for lingering coughs and all long standing bronchial affections, it is simply unequaled.

HOME ENDORSEMENT.

So highly is Dr. Pierce regarded at home that he has been repeatedly elected to the highest public offices (such as State Senator and United States Representative), by the citizens of Buffalo, and such is his professional standing and that of his Institute, that he, as well as the members of his medical staff, are not only constantly consulted by physicians all over America, but also hold high executive positions in leading medical and scientific societies. Dr. Pierce has on file many thousand letters like the following, from grateful people, many of whom were cured by his remedies after having been given up as incurable by local physicians and noted specialists. Many of these grateful patients have specially requested that their cures be published for the benefit of other sufferers. Statistics show that there are not ten cases of female disorder in a hundred that Dr. Pierce's remedies will not cure promptly and permanently. No matter how serious the case may be, no matter what friends, physicians and specialists may say, no matter how helpless and hopeless the patient may feel, if she will write to The World's Dispensary Medical Association, at Buffalo, N. Y., of which Dr. Pierce is President, she will promptly receive, free of cost, such plain, straightforward, confidential advice as will enable her to cure herself at home. If, as it sometimes happens, her case doesn't yield entirely to the remedies named, the records show that by visiting Dr. Pierce's Invalid Hotel and Surgical Institute and placing herself under the treatment of the corps of skilled specialists, who have successfully treated thousands upon thousands of cases, she will soon go forth a well, strong and happy woman. After years of experience it has been found that there are very, very few cases, not curable by Dr. Pierce's put up medicines on sale throughout the land, and when such a case is found the patient is not asked to indulge in further experiments and expense, but is candidly advised by Dr. Pierce as to her true condition.

TWELVE LONG YEARS.

To Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Dear Sir:—A heart overflowing with gratitude prompts me to write you. Twelve long weary years I suffered from Uterine Derangement and at last I was given up by my physician to die, besides spending almost all we had. After five months' treatment with your Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription I now enjoy most excellent health. I would to-day, have been in my grave, and my little children motherless, had it not been for you and your medicine. I will recommend your medicine as long as I live.

If any one doubts this, give my name and address. Yours sincerely,

MRS. MALVINA WILSON,
Oreide, Taylor Co., Va.

Girls who are

ABOUT TO MARRY

and all married women, by taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription escape the worry, fear, suffering and despondency peculiar to prospective mothers. Every mother who wishes her child to be strong healthy and happy, free from inherited nervousness and physical defects, should read what this wonderful vegetable remedy has done for thousands of others. It will do precisely the same for her. Instead of worry, fear and despondency she will experience joy, health, comfort and happiness.

THE PRIZE BABY.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Dear Sir:—I would like to express my gratitude to you for the benefits I have received from your wonderful medicine—"Favorite Prescription." It is a god send to womankind, restoring health without subjecting the weak nerves to the shock of an examination with the result that inevitably follows—"local applications." After suffering years of untold misery at the hands of our best physicians, and taking treatment at the most noted mineral springs, I at last found relief from my ailments, complicated as they were, in the life-preserving qualities of "Favorite Prescription." It also prevented miscarriage; by taking it according to directions, I was able to go through the allotted time, which I had not done before in seven years, and gave birth to a bright, healthy child—a "Prize baby." She received fifty dollars in cash prizes before reaching the age of two years.

Gratefully yours,
MRS. E. A. TRUMBLE,
101 Cranbrey St., Saginaw, Mich.

GREAT DOCTOR BOOK FREE.

When Dr. Pierce published the first edition of his great work, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, he announced that after 680,000 copies had been sold at the regular price, $1.50 per copy, he would distribute the next half million free. As this number of copies has now been sold, he will, in accordance with the original offer, distribute, absolutely free (the receiver merely to pay for packing and postage, as stipulated in the following coupon), 500,000 copies of this most complete, interesting and valuable common sense medical work ever published. In a single year this book will save more than a hundred times its cost in any family. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. No man or woman, married or single, should be without it.

Until the special half million edition is exhausted, the Doctor will accept the following coupon as $1.50 cash. It is distinctly understood that not more than one copy will be sent to any one family.

WE GIVE AWAY

COUPON B, No. 103

A 1000 Page Doctor Book Given Away Absolutely FREE!

... over 300 illustrations, of which several chapters ... are devoted to the diseases of women and their ... PRIVATE MATTERS ... This work answers just such ... Over 680,000 copies at this ... binding, at one dollar and a half, the regular price. The free edition now offered, is precisely the same excepting only that the books are bound in strong paper covers instead of cloth.

THE OLD CUPBOARD.

You may talk about your sideboards, with compartments by the score,
With their three-foot bevel mirrors, 'most as wide as my front door;
Or your beofays, fir de sickle, with their jimcracks fair to see—
But the old three-cornered cupboard is just good enough for me.

Ah, the one that used to fill a spacious corner that I knew!
How the memory of it comes and makes me hungry through and through!
While it wasn't built for show as much it wasn't bad to see,
And without a German lookin'-glass 'twas good enough for me.

Even washday, evenin', mornin', night or day, or rain or shine,
Did I always find it filled with what I freely might make mine,
And they weren't the a la dishes that we're brought down now to see;
But the eatin' in the cupboard were—just good enough for me.

There was chicken, fried and juicy, and a ham bone to your taste,
And some cold things left from dinner that it wasn't right to waste;
And such biscuits, cakes and pumpkin pies I never hope to see—
As I ate from the old cupboard that was good enough for me.

It stood ready for a traveler or a hungry boy from school—
As to when and where and how much he might eat there was no rule;
He was welcome in a plenty and the best that there might be
In the [illegible] old cupboard that was good enough [illegible]

[illegible]
And a [illegible]
make pies of [illegible]
With an extra dish for some one—though a beggar he should be—
In that generous old cupboard that was good enough for me.

I have seen new-fangled sideboards, with their silver plate galore,
With their china and their cut glass—'most enough to fill a store;
But I'd gladly swap the whole shebang and everything I see
For a chance at that old cupboard that was good enough for me.

HUBBY'S LESSON.

A lady in one of the suburban towns has begun with much success to break her husband from forgetting to mail her letters, says the New York Advertiser. The other morning when he started into town to his office, he told her he was very anxious to go to a dinner that evening, but that he could not go without her. She didn't care for the dinner but to please him she would come in at 6 o'clock and go with him. It was necessary for her to see some people first, however, so she would know where to meet him, and she would let him know by letter sent under a special delivery stamp, either in the noon mail or a later one, so he would be sure to get it. Then she told him to wait a minute or two, and she went upstairs and came back again with a letter.

"Now, dear," she said, "that is an important letter for a person in town, and you mustn't forget under any circumstances. I'll put it in your pocket myself, so you will be sure to remember it."

She put the letter in very carefully, and he buttoned his coat over it for greater security.

"I'll remember," he said, "and don't you forget to let me know where you will meet me. The dinner is at eight, you know, and you can come in on the 6:30. I'd meet you at the train, but I have something extra to do to get ready, and you can fix a meeting place and let me know."

She promised she would, and with a hurried kiss he ran away to catch his train.

He had a good day and was feeling pretty well thinking about the dinner, up until noon delivery. No letter came, and he worried some until three. No letter came then and he waited until four. No letter, and then he began to get mad. After a half hour of saying bad words he thought of the telegraph and at once sent a dispatch to his wife.

"No letter. Where will you meet me?"

She waited until the 6:30 train had gone and then she answered:

"Telegram received. Six-thirty gone. Can't come."

This she sent collect. When he got it he tore around the office like a crazy man for another half hour. He couldn't go to the dinner and he couldn't get home in time for one, so he had to buy a frugal meal at the restaurant across the street. At half-past eight he reached home and he wouldn't speak to his wife. She let him go awhile and then she began to come at him gradually, but not on the subject of the dinner. She had tried that when he first came in.

"Henry," she said, "did you mail that letter I gave you this morning?"

"Don't talk to me about letters," he growled. "A wife that will treat her husband as you have treated me today isn't deserving of having anything done for her, and I want to say right now——"

"Don't get excited, Henry," she interrupted in the very gentlest voice. "I know you feel disappointed, but tell me if you mailed that letter."

"I don't know whether I did nor not," he answered like an ugly boy, "and I don't care. No, I didn't," he went on as he took it from his pocket and throwing it into her lap; "there it is, and I am glad of it."

"Look at it, Henry," she said, handing it back to him.

He took it sulkily and looked at the address. It was to him and had a special delivery stamp on it.

"What's this?" he asked.

"Read it, dear."

He did, and in it was everything he wanted to know and everything that would have made the place of meeting clear and everything else right, and he had carried it around in his pocket all day.

"My dear," he said very humbly, "will you call it square?"

HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

TWILIGHT.

Standing in the gathering gloom,
Where the people come and go,
Watching the lights
Flickering out and softly low,

Standing when the dusk of eve
Pales her shadowy robes about
Till the last rose of summer
Therefore stars shine lonely out.

Strange emotions then crowd over me,
Chilling, as I think and know
Of the hearts that beat
Yours but kind of yes and woe.

Longing to speak some cordial word,
Comfort the disconsolate,
And with tenderness kind and helpful
Raise whose souls are nearly rent.

Among the pale, troubled spectres
Of the twilight hour I see
Many a heart is bleeding and many
As the shadows of a tree.

Oh, why gladness, oh, what sorrow,
Of the soul who wander around,
Why the heart that is full of gladness
Why the heart that is full of sorrow?

THE SPRING FABRICS.

BY DONNA STITCH.

After the long season of wet and sodden weather miserable indoor frocks, the ladies of the world of fashion are again in the throes of fashion in an agreeable relief. Spring is here, and the sunshine is reflected in white and pretty gowns, whose yellow hues are in keeping with the golden sunlight and the glistening of the dandelion. Spring is the season especially looked for by the ladies, and the gay costumes of the season are always welcome.

The face shown in this, as well as elsewhere on the gowns, is that known as Mallese in a deep yellow. The material is a fine cloth, and the skirt is made in panels. Panels are the new fashion, and the seams are ornamented with a fine embroidery. The waists are also trimmed with embroidery, and are draped and shirred in front with three-quarter length.

For house wash-frocks of less dressy cloth, taffeta and fine sateen, mallese and cashmere are always in favor.

The jackets are belted in at the waist and are of the Eton order, with full sleeves and elegant effects.

The new sleeves deserve some mention here, ending as they do with full puffs, and the waists are made to correspond with them. The sleeves are sometimes made with the entire arm from shoulder to wrist.

The new shades in dress goods are many, and the fashionable colors are the most popular. Among the most popular are the new shades of green, ranging from the deep green to the light shades, and the new shades of blue, ranging from the deep navy blue to the light shades. Then there are the new shades of red, ranging from the deep cardinal to the light shades. Then there are the new shades of brown, ranging from the deep brown to the light shades. Then there are the new shades of gray, ranging from the deep gray to the light shades. Then there are the new shades of yellow, ranging from the deep yellow to the light shades. Then there are the new shades of orange, ranging from the deep orange to the light shades. Then there are the new shades of purple, ranging from the deep purple to the light shades. Then there are the new shades of pink, ranging from the deep pink to the light shades. Then there are the new shades of white, ranging from the deep white to the light shades. Then there are the new shades of black, ranging from the deep black to the light shades. Then there are the new shades of gray, ranging from the deep gray to the light shades. Then there are the new shades of brown, ranging from the deep brown to the light shades. Then there are the new shades of green, ranging from the deep green to the light shades. Then there are the new shades of blue, ranging from the deep blue to the light shades. Then there are the new shades of red, ranging from the deep red to the light shades. Then there are the new shades of yellow, ranging from the deep yellow to the light shades. Then there are the new shades of orange, ranging from the deep orange to the light shades. Then there are the new shades of purple, ranging from the deep purple to the light shades. Then there are the new shades of pink, ranging from the deep pink to the light shades. Then there are the new shades of white, ranging from the deep white to the light shades. Then there are the new shades of black, ranging from the deep black to the light shades.

A CROSS-OVER.

FOR MOURNING WEAR.

A plain flowered satin of white grass, that is intended for early mourning, has over the body a short skirt of white crape, the flowered sprays of heavy black lilac. These, with the exception of the leaves, are made of silk cord, and the effect is very handsome. They should be removed by washing, as the lilac, if it is washed, will lose its color and the leaves, that the former keeps.

Flannel is the best wear, white crape and net linen would make a dashing combination.

When in Boston the Rev. Phillips Brooks, the eminent Episcopalian divine, was fond of eating Boston baked beans. He preferred them to anything else.

Green is a color that has very recently held but a small place in the world of fashion, yet it bids fair to enjoy continued favor, and for the spring season will be worn in endless and charming combinations.

Green is the color that is the most becoming to the face and bonnets, the one that is the most popular, and the one that is the most universally worn. Between these two extremes there is a wide range of shades, and it is from that will be made most effective costumes.

Green and white is a favorite combination in the new spring fabrics, and is shown in the new plaids and the stripes and novelty goods. Green and white is also a favorite combination in the new spring fabrics, and is shown in the new plaids and the stripes and novelty goods. Green and white is also a favorite combination in the new spring fabrics, and is shown in the new plaids and the stripes and novelty goods.

PLAID CHEVIOT TRIMMED WITH VELVET.

Green and white is also a favorite combination in the new spring fabrics, and is shown in the new plaids and the stripes and novelty goods. Green and white is also a favorite combination in the new spring fabrics, and is shown in the new plaids and the stripes and novelty goods.

PRETTY PRINT AND COAT.

Green and white is also a favorite combination in the new spring fabrics, and is shown in the new plaids and the stripes and novelty goods. Green and white is also a favorite combination in the new spring fabrics, and is shown in the new plaids and the stripes and novelty goods.

"I RECOMMEND PERUNA

To All Catarrh Sufferers," Says Editor W. T. Powell, of Carrington, Ohio.

W. T. Powell, editor of the Independent of Carrington, Ohio, writes that he has taken with with bronchitis and catarrhal fever. Head was in a terrible condition. Could hardly speak. Had a bad cough and could not sleep. Was weak and emaciated almost incessantly. For two months tried every thing that promised enough medicines and other medicines. Was induced to try Peruna. Took one bottle and was cured.

It is needless to attempt to give only the regular outline of the thousands of cases which Peruna has met with in the past. Peruna is the only medicine that claims to the fact that Peruna is realizing the most wonderful cures of catarrh in all its stages and complications. Mild symptom. Not only is catarrh in all stages and varieties of development, but also colds, coughs, bronchitis, la grippe, catarrhal dyspepsia, all of which yield promptly to the curative virtues of Peruna.

A valuable treatise on catarrh by Dr. Hartman sent free to any address by The Peruna Drug Manufacturing Company of Columbus, Ohio.

Ladies will please address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

A Boon to Low-Browed Women.

The new evening bonnet which is worn well back on the back of the head is in fact every appearance of being about to fall off, and is held in place by a band of ribbon which passes around the head like a pompadour, while the hair may wear a fringe or be long enough to fall in curls over the forehead are particularly fashionable for those of the style of bonnet, the foreheads often for ranter's greatest beauty and the new bonnets are a boon to those who have low foreheads and cannot afford. The present fashion is to wear the hair in front of the back hair, are not especially becoming to the face, and are especially with the nap of fringe she is apt to effect. Many of the new bonnets are made of the hair, and are not only becoming but are encouraged enough to consult their individual taste in dress.

A Beautiful Complexion.

Chemists and scientists have been laboring for years to discover something that would effectually restore freshness, purity and beauty to the complexion, when, behold, the secret has been found to produce the result. A well-known Parisian chemist has been experimenting with aluminum at the World's Fair and discovered that aluminum, when in contact with the perspiration, the Freckles on the face, neck and arms disappear, leaving the skin clear, white and beautiful. It is a fact that it surely and positively removed freckles and discolorations of the skin, and all kinds, forms of aluminum may be used with perfect safety. Any druggist can supply those desiring a face powder may use it with perfect safety. Any druggist can supply those desiring a face powder may use it with perfect safety. Any druggist can supply those desiring a face powder may use it

FROM DAY TO DAY.

BY ARNOLD BUNCH.

Take no thought for to-morrow,
Take no anxious care;
Let to-morrow take care of itself,
Let to-day take care of to-day!
Why should we borrow
The cares of the May?

From day to day,
The moments in the lever
With which to lift the mountain,
And those the plowed fountain
That flows and flows forever,
Are moments for us.

From day to day,
There is no other measter,
Bravely as you may will it,
Bravely as you can fill it
The life's immortal measure
Is hidden in the hour.

FOUND GUILTY.

A Story of Circumstantial Evidence.

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

Author of "The Dangers Millions," "My Husband," "The Verdicts," "Agatha's Sacrifice," Etc.

Found Guilty" was commenced in No. 4 of the Illustrated Ledger, and will be found complete in the Chicago office of the Ledger, No. 180 Dearborn street.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"OUR HIRED AND PAID PLAIN WOMEN."

It was Christmas morning and the earth was white with snow.

"Peace on earth!"

Virtue Price repeated these words to himself and wondered in his heart if the numerous people who were on the streets with happiness or rob him of peace forever.

Among the worshipers in the church that morning was a beautiful, graceful woman who caused no one to envy her.

She sat far back in an obscure corner of the church pew, where she could remain mostly unnoticed, with her long black veil drawn down over her face.

Virtue Price little dreamed that the woman who was kneeling so near to him was Mrs. Hamilton Hall.

He spoke of the birth of the world's Redeemer, and of the peace and joy that are the foundation of the religion that Christ came to teach the world—the religion that ends the suffering and the sinful.

He spoke of the fall of the fallen women, "the, and on to many," said the minister.

And out from the dark corner of the church-cushioned woman drew a long breath of relief, and, raising herself reverently and beautiful, not eyes fixed upon the perfect face of the minister.

He had chosen for his subject a passage taken in this respect by Jesus Christ, when He was on earth, to the Pharisees, who were those in assessment and pettiness of spirit, "Go in peace, and sin no more."

"Go in peace, and sin no more."

Virtue Price was a clergyman, and he had studied the Bible with a thoughtful mind and heart, and had learned to search the delicate skin.

"Go in peace, and sin no more," he said, and took in his fine face from which the color had slowly faded away.

"How sweet and pure and white they are," she murmured.

She placed them in a vase as a small bouquet of fresh delicate flowers that she had brought.

For all she after life the perfume arising from the flowers seemed to her to be sweet, though a sickening pang of anguish to the soul of Virtue Price.

He stood and watched her as she arranged the flowers. He was not sure that she had hardly saw them. He saw that she had a beautiful face, and that her head had a beautiful form.

He had never seen her before, and for the first time he held it in his.

He was a man of sensitive soul. The look in his eyes caused the words she was about to speak to die away on her lips.

She had dropped, she stood motionless, looking at him with her face.

Virtue Price drew a quick breath as her pause, and his heart began to beat violently. Let his life for the first time. "Child, you are very beautiful!" he said, speaking involuntarily, now passionately and adoringly. "Child, you are very beautiful!" he repeated, though wondering why he should call her child, for she was at least years of age, I never knew a woman, child or otherwise, whom I adore you is the one love of my life. Will you be my wife? Will you be my wife?"

She raised her eyes then and looked at him.

Their utter sadness, their profound despair struck him with a sudden pang to his heart.

"Sir," she replied, in that low, thrillingly sweet voice of hers, "I love you. Love, as you do, for the first time in my life, and because I love you so dearly, sir, darling, I cannot be your wife. I am not worthy to be your wife. I am not worthy to be your wife."

"What do you mean?" he cried, hoarsely. "What do you mean? Are you married? Do you mean who but stood?"

"No, no, never my love!" she cried, holding up her hands in supplication to him. "Forgive me, but I am not married. The greatest wrong I could do you, for I can never be your wife, never, never, never, never."

There was silence.

He stood gazing down upon her with all the light gone from his eyes like a man suddenly stricken with blindness, and a look that cannot look upon the face of Virtue Price never left it so long as he lived.

How beautiful she was as she knelt there, with her head bowed, her face white as marble, and, yet, brushed with shame, with humiliation.

Then those lips which in his dreams alone he had kissed, the shame of guilt had been pressed.

That gold-hued hair which he had hungered to touch, that hair which had loved with a burning passion.

"Ah, my love," she went on, "you do not know how I have been tempted, tempted by every the happiness which your love offered me. Because I loved you too dearly, but me tell you what my life has been and then perhaps you will think you unjustly of me. Forgive me."

He dropped his hands from his white changed face.

"I've not heard them any longer," he said, in a voice that was like a little at the dull hopelessness of despair. "I cannot hear it."

He put his hand as he spoke to his ear to shut out the sound of her voice.

Her lips quivered a little at the, but but she only bowed her head as if she might hear a thing for his touch.

"I will hear it," he said.

He stood near her, his feet and arms.

He stood near her, his hand resting upon the back of the pew before which she knelt, and upon the floor.

He had never known anything that ever lived in all my life was my poor little dead child, and I loved her with all the love of my heart. That was why I was glad when I left the room, and why I could not bear to look upon her face when she was lying there from me in horror, shrink from my very touch when I would have died to save her dishonored, shamed.

"I was prepared for the moment, she pushed, then continued:

"My mother, sir, had broken heart when Jane was born. I was then a girl of ten years. Our father was a gambler and a drunkard, and mother died of grief. I was from the time I can remember was a stool, a beggar.

"In only thing I cared for on earth was my little sister Jane. I loved her with all the love of my heart. I would have died for her, my life I could have purchased comfort and happiness for her by the sacrifice, which precious was the price demanded—my honor.

"Unfortunately for me I grew up beautiful. I was sixteen when I was discovered by a rich young man, who fell in love with me, and began stupefy endless suit I reached the age of eighteen, when one night I was taken to see through my love for May.

"Virtue Price started. The New York woman my wretched father threw in my face, and who had been the cause of all the misery and wretchedness in his life, was, meanwhile, I do not know but for a moment, his own mother.

"He offered, however, to establish me in a home of my own if I would promise to keep his money could buy. And because money was the one thing in the world I cared for, and because I was young and I knew that with it I could save May from the life I was living, I accepted.

"He painted.

"A terrible soldier disturbed the tight immediately of the man standing near her.

"He was a rich man, and I was poor. He was a man without father and placed her in a home for the poor. I was a child of sin and shame. Then I worked at sewing machines and during the hardness we always were upon a little trip together.

"Three days passed with her were the happiest days I had ever spent. Her darling sent love, her childish delight in the pleasures of the trip, her love for me, and her evident confidence in me filled my heart with which I purchased them.

"Three months and months ago she contracted a bad cold. She was never very strong and was subject to attacks of bronchial complaint. They told me her life might be prolonged for years if she was taken to a warm climate before the winter came on there.

"I had as she want out of my life, with her innocence and her love, you, dear, came into it. I should not have done so, my love, but something, I did not know what it was, drew me to you. I felt as if in the quieting of your love, hold, comfort.

"It would not have made any difference if she had died, my love, my darling, should I loved you from the first moment that I saw you. I am sure of that.

"And, sir," and she leaned toward him with a look of pain in her face, "I think that I had loved you from the first moment that I saw you, had you not been the one to whom I had promised my darling sister Jane.

"Then we had been three

A WOMAN OF FORTY SUMMERS.

Full of outline and fair of face,
Swinging her fan with languid grace,
White arms gleaming through folds of lace,
A woman of forty summers.

No thread of white in the auburn hair,
No line of age in the forehead fair,
A life unmarred by touch of care,
In spite of her forty summers.

A husband loved and children sweet,
Pleasures to charm and friends to greet,
Roses scattered before her feet,
Through each of her forty summers.

Summers all, for winters bold
Have snatched her sunshine and made her cold;
Have killed her roses and left her old;
Nothing she knows but summers.

Nothing she knows of laden cloud,
Of freezing air and tempests loud,
Of snows that weave for Hope a shroud;
Her life has been only summers.

So calm she sits in the balmy air,
No sorrows to fret, no cross to bear,
A summer idyl, a vision fair,
This woman of forty summers.

Yet cold and blast but make us strong,
After the snow the robin's song;
To the fullest life by right belong
The winters as well as summers.

And they whom fame shall carve in stone,
The woman whom men would fain enthrone,
The women whom God has stamped His own,
Live winters as well as summers.

THE OBSCURE MAN.

The change from the rush of a through express to the quiet of a remote roadside inn can hardly be classed among the ordinary risks of travel; but then a strike has not yet come to take the place of a stopover ticket.

The train in question had stopped and backed and gone ahead, and then stopped to back again, with all that irritating reiteration which only a train cut from its schedule can exhibit. The dozen men in the smoking compartment had smoked and sworn, and then smoked to swear again. At length the conductor, who had persisted in saying nothing, did say something, as if his mind were a storage battery of disagreeables.

"We're stuck," he announced, "like a sleeper in the sand. The track's torn up. They say the bridge's moved—"

"Such are the ups and downs of travel," interrupted a fat, jolly drummer.

"Yes, sir," continued the conductor, "and there's nothing to be done but to grin and bear it."

"For how long?" asked the tall, thin man, who certainly looked as if he could bear to grin.

"For at least twenty-four hours, with lessening chances thereafter."

There was a marked increase in the smoking and swearing; even the obscure man, who had not yet spoken, nor had any one expected him to, sighed an anathema.

"I have it!" exclaimed the fat and smiling drummer, [illegible] the former attribute by the [illegible] of the latter. "I have it for the [illegible]. Where do you say we are [illegible]?"

"Why, about halfway between Luria and Danson."

"Exactly! And [illegible] Tavern is about half a mile and [illegible] hundred rods from the [illegible]. Think, gentlemen, not a hundred rods [illegible] of those cozy, old-fashioned [illegible] you read about; the best of beds, [illegible] of fares, the cheeriest [illegible]-rooms and the [illegible] of [illegible]. And we sit here all the day [illegible] propose we migrate and [illegible] of it. What d'ye say, [illegible]"

[illegible] -looking man, with [illegible] piercing black eyes and a [illegible] mustache, who, during the preceding days had gained the general [illegible] without apparently seeking it, [illegible] pleasantly:

"[illegible] attractive and prolific of good things [illegible] from one who is so [illegible] there."

[illegible]

[illegible] as his word [illegible] Tavern [illegible] an oasis in the [illegible] desert, and free from [illegible], that is, those who usurp the best beds. In fact, only the genial old landlord was in sight, though of course a host in himself.

In the low-studded, dark-hued taproom, with chairs almost self-tipping against the wall, a fire blazed on the mammoth hearth, for the autumnal twilight brought a chill; a fire was it fit to give a philanthropist all sorts and conditions of pain, so wasteful it was, with great logs criss-crossed underneath, and on top, extending grotesque, distorted arms of flame, huge stumps. No need then of vaunting guests; this fire was a generous bill of fare itself.

After the supper had accomplished all that was predicted, the company gathered round the fireside, and one of the mild men ventured to represent the general surprise.

"How do you manage it, landlord?" he asked. "Where do you get the custom and consequent experience?"

"Sleigh rides!" said the landlord, with a merry wink toward the steaming urn at the end of the bar.

"He makes hay all winter and hibernates all summer," explained the drummer. And to each one of the company there came the jingle of bells and the crisp patter of hoofs, a vision of rosy cheeks and bright eyes, and the hot fragrance of the ladles. Somehow, as if from a silent vote, they all, anticipating the snow, sat encircling the shadowy room and yielded to good-fellowship.

Their leader started off with a tale as jolly and as broad as his face. The tall, thin man told an anecdote from a monthly magazine—such being his conception of fun. One of the mild men piped a festive lay which he had reserved for home use, and his brethren made various attempts to reach and exhibit a point, none of them, however, going in a straight line. Thus the hours passed merrily until some one said:

"Come, doctor, it's your turn; you're the only one who hasn't contributed, except—except—"

"Except his mysterious nibs in the corner," broke in the drummer.

"His mysterious nibs in the corner," the obscure man, puffed out a mighty volume of smoke and hid himself behind it.

The doctor cast a quick glance around, which seemed to bring every one to attention.

"I'm sure, gentlemen," he began, "the only reason why I haven't hastened to add to the general interest has been from dread of inability. The life of a struggling physician in a small town is as commonplace as bread and butter, and sometimes the latter is omitted, and yet you will not readily think, as I'm sure I didn't ten years ago, that a young medical man, unmarried and alone, without friends and practice, and settling in a strange place, is the safest person in the world to suddenly disappear. Who would care except possibly his landlord for the sake of the rent? People would merely comment, 'Another one starved out!' and go on patronizing the long-established faculty so as to promote this progress. Were one of these, however, missing, the hue and cry would be as great as if raised by all the babies of that one's rearing.

"I was, indeed, alone and unknown then, but I never thought of the risk of my obscurity. It's only after experience that people do think; and what my experience was I shall tell you, if the pipes and the bowls can furnish sufficient patience.

"In only one way had I made myself conspicuous, and that, alas! led rather to notoriety than to reputation. I had read a paper before the local medical society on aconite poisoning, in which, with all the zeal of an enthusiast, I had been so ill advised as to impugn the regularly accepted tests and to declare that the use of this drug for murder was in consequence attended by the least possible risk of detection. I had sinned still more against professional ethics by advocating that it would be well if some condemned criminal could be experimented upon and a little real practical knowledge thus obtained.

"I confess I had used this more as an illustration than a theorem, but my audience, angered, perhaps at some sarcastic strictures, had put the worst possible construction upon my words, and had gravely denounced the proposition as subversive—yes, that's the word always used—as subversive of good morals."

"That was one on you," chuckled the drummer; "to make things even we'll have one on me," and he winked to the landlord. "There's nothing like conviviality, eh, Nisby?" he continued, as he drew his chair into the corner by the obscure man and slapped him heavily on the knee.

"Ur? Ah?" ejaculated the furtive individual, "I believe I was asleep; I think I'll go to bed now."

"Which you won't," replied the commercial man, heartily. "Here's your toddy, so wet your whistle in good shape, for we are going to have a song from you after the gent finishes his sawbones experiences. The idea of leaving us just in the shank of the evening!"

"Good! That's right! No retreating! Each one must toe the scratch," came from the enlivened mild man.

"If one can do it," promulgated the tall, thin man, "all must."

"Thanks," said the doctor, "you're a man after my own heart—a good ways after. Then there's to be no sectional adjournment? I can try it on you all collectively? All right; here goes. The result of my bold attack on orthodoxy was that, while people talked at me on the street, they didn't call at my office; indeed, the hours reserved for this contingency would have been appropriate ones for the reading of Byron's first published work. However, hope deferred deadened my appetite sufficiently without having to resort to pussy, and I realized the importance of the scriptural injunction, 'Physician, heal thyself!' for my heart was sick.

"One day a visitor, too healthy to be a patient, but still a visitor, called. He was a fine-looking young man whom I already knew as Mr. Blank, I will say; one of the gilded youth of the town, rather notable for combining the diverse pursuits of science and gallantry. His introductory remarks were flattering. He had heard, as, indeed, every one had, of my remarkable thesis on aconite. As he was the most childish of collectors, picking up the smallest of pebbles, he begged me to lend it to him. If this manuscript was in autograph, that fact would increase his interest, for there was something fascinating in the handwriting of great men. Well, well! I glanced involuntarily in the mirror and noted the bumps on my forehead with pride.

"Certainly I would oblige him; the original was quite at his service.

"After profuse thanks Mr. Blank took the treasure away. For a week thereafter I was shaking the tree of fancy and picking the fairest fruits of fame. Then came reality with a bludgeon and drove me away. I received back the essay with a courteous note, and the incident, like it, seemed closed. Lucky would I have been had this been so. Lucky, though I did not consider myself, when a few nights later, a young and lovely woman entered my office. One glance told me that if she wasn't present on business then she had made a mistake.

"A young woman she surely was; youth shone from her clear eyes and glimmered through the ivory of her flesh; but lovely? Yes, if regularity of feature and artistic moulding of form be loveliness. Yet there was something repellant—I know the thought flashed over me that were she my wife I would carry my troubles to a statue before I would to her. And, indeed, she resembled the grandest of all statues as she stood resting back on one hip, but in Venus' posture there is composure, while hers was all poise.

"'Come at once!' she began, in low, deep tones; 'my husband is very ill. He is Mr.—I'll say Mr. Nemo; professional secrecy must be observed, you know—and we live down on the river road.'

"I recollected the name at once as that of people of social prominence, and their residence as one of the prettiest detached villas on the outskirts of the town.

"'Some sudden attack?' I asked, as I seized my hat and medicine case.

"'Yes—no; I don't know,' Mrs. Nemo replied; 'the heart, I think. We were all alone, as we had returned to town unexpectedly—the servants away. Oh, come! You are so slow. I'm so nervous, so agitated.'

"'Doubtless you are, my lady,' I thought, as I opened the door for her to pass out, 'but you don't show it.'

"Her hand was as steady, her lips as composed, her eye as triumphant, as if she had gained a deduction in my prospective bill. There was a cab in waiting, which hurried us in silence to our destination. A handsome residence, as I have said, surrounded by ornate grounds stretching back to the river. We alighted. Without an order the cab drove rapidly away. We passed into the house. Well fitted, it seemed to contain a mysterious sickness, so silent, so heavy was its air.

"Up the broad stairway we glided and into the second-story front room. The gas jets were burning bright and revealed all the elegance and luxury of wealth. On a great bed, with canopied top, lay the sick man, grizzled and worn with years, yet presenting an impalpable something which showed his superiority to them. Scarcely had I bent over him than I sprang back aghast.

"'He's dead!' I cried, 'and he has been for some hours.'

"'Yes?' replied Mrs. Nemo, not changing her languid position in an easy-chair.

"'He's dead,' I cried once more, a moment later, 'and I verily believe from aconite poisoning!'"

Here the chair in which the obscure man rested against the wall leaped forward and assumed its normal state with a bang.

"Whoa, there!" exclaimed the drummer, with restraining hand, "getting a little restive, hey? Well, it is a long time, as his excellency from the Palmetto state remarked. Here, landlord, there's more fill than flow to that bowl of yours. Just rectify the matter, will you?"

"I burned my finger with my cigar," said the obscure man, sulkily.

"If the gentleman will wait his turn," remarked the tall, thin man, suavely, "then he can give any kind of a performance he pleases, from a song and dance to a contortion; meanwhile, I for one, am interested in the doctor's story."

"That's right," assented the mild man; "go ahead, doctor. Any one who moves is fined the cigars."

After the landlord had borne the depleted urn back to the bar, and the commercial man with gentle force had tipped the obscure man into his former position, the doctor continued with the continuity of print:

"'Yes,' repeated the woman, with the same apathy.

"'Yes, Madam; and I beg to most respectfully say that I regard the circumstances of this death as so suspicious—'

"'Perhaps, sir,' she interrupted, rising with sinuous grace, 'you will reserve those tones for one better able than I to reply to them,' and she slowly left the room.

"For a moment I stood bewildered, scarcely appreciating where I was or what had happened, when there was a firm buoyant step, and Mr. Blank entered. He was in full evening dress, and as he paused easily under the chandelier, with his right hand behind his back, from eyes and teeth and diamond studs there came the glitter of remorseless triumph.

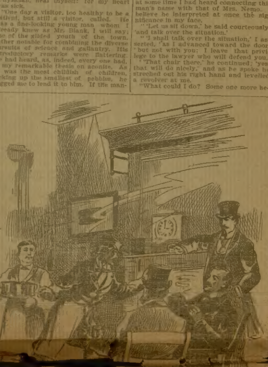
"Then I remembered—just what I cannot say, but a breath of scandal which at some time I had heard connecting this man's name with that of Mrs. Nemo. I believe he interpreted at once the significance in my face.

"'Let us sit down,' he said courteously, 'and talk over the situation.'

"'I shall talk over the situation,' I asserted, as I advanced toward the door, 'but not with you; I leave that privilege to the lawyer who will defend you.'

"'That chair there,' he continued; 'yes, that will do nicely,' and as he spoke he stretched out his right hand and levelled a revolver at us.

"What could I do? Some one more he-



"You lie, you know you lie!"

role than I must answer. What I did was to obey supinely, immediately. Then through the drawn curtain there came a sound that chilled my blood, though nothing harsher than a silvery laugh. They parted and Mrs. Nemo glided in and leaned with insolent grace over the back of the chair in which Mr. Blank sat. Her jeweled fingers even dared stroke his hair, and she looked mockingly at me as they did so.

"'Pardon, my lady, for one instant,' said Mr. Blank, and he backed to the bed and pulled the canopy around in complete envelopment. 'Out of sight, out of mind,' he murmured, as he returned; 'and now to business. Your patient, doctor,' he continued, 'is dead; he died of heart failure. You will, of course, give your certificate to that effect. The decedent's executor will very liberally compensate you for your skill and care, alas! so fruitless, and we will all go on our way rejoicing.'

"'Yes, he has already gone,' remarked Mrs. Nemo, with a glance toward the bed.

"The more I looked at this woman the more my rage and disgust concentrated on her. As for the man, I felt a sort of contemptuous pity. Poor dupe, I was satisfied of one thing. The more I studied the cold face bending over him, beautiful, if marble can possess any human beauty, the more I became convinced—"

"Of what? You were satisfied of what? You were convinced of what?" breathlessly broke in the obscure man.

"That, my friend," returned the doctor, calmly, "remains to be seen; I keep my good things for the finish, like a dessert after a hearty meal. Just be patient."

"Ah," sighed the commercial man, pushing his chair back into its original place. "I'm so comfortable," he added as a general explanation.

"It's the fat," announced the tall, thin man, disconsolately; "now I feel like a string dipped in ice water."

"Oh, go on! go on!" growled the obscure man, as he bent forward in the full light, "and let us know what all this stuff means."

A spare, sallow individual he was, with nervously straining hands, bearing about him in boots and clothing, in eye and lip, the evident marks of wear and want. The mild man stared at him as if entranced and said not a word.

"To resume, then," responded the doctor, cheerfully, "as the dentist said when he tackled the lower jaw. 'For a moment I remained in silence, fascinated by my perception of this woman's nature; then I answered doggedly:

"'I won't do it. That man has been murdered!'

"'Like most men who have undergone medical treatment,' Mr. Blank sneered. 'But I'm sure you will, you know; it will be so much pleasanter for all concerned. And, indeed, you have. Look here,' and he handed me a folded paper.

"I examined it with protruding eyes; it was a certificate of the death of Jabez Nemo, from heart failure, properly made out in my own handwriting, and signed with my veritable signature. I couldn't deny a stroke of it! I tore the document into shreds, and then braced myself for an attack.

None came, however. That silvery laugh rippled, and Mr. Blank smiled an evil smile.

"'I had a specimen of your chirography,' he explained, 'and that was my first attempt at imitation—pretty good, hey? But not a marker to the one I shall file if necessary.'

"'Yes, but I'll expose you. I'll denounce you both just as soon—just as soon—'

"'Ah, just as soon! There's a contingency dependent on your "just as soons." You are here in our power; a despondent, unsuccessful man, for whom no one cares. Suppose your body is found floating in the river. You know enough to know that all signs of strangulation would have disappeared. There wouldn't be public interest enough to pay for the printing of the coroner's verdict of "suicide." Take the extremest hypothesis of hard luck.

"'Suppose traces of aconite poisoning were discovered in our quiet friend over there. What then? You were the attendant physician, an enthusiast, a crank on the subject of that very drug. You had evidently experimented and fatally failed and then had destroyed yourself from remorse. And every quack in town, to use the most comprehensive term for your associates, would cry: "Amen!" No, no, you must swear to do our will. You shall be well paid for it, and really we would much prefer to avoid all future trouble.'

"Again that silvery laugh! I turned my eyes from my accuser's earnest gaze; I looked steadfastly on that woman bending over the man like a condemned spirit. What did I see through the gloss of her sleekness? An abnormal creature, one possessed by devils, who must have been discomfited by her greater diabolism! Her lips were parted; her eyes glowed with enjoyment; she was fairly feasting on my peril. 'No, no,' I muttered, and still I watched. She bent low and rubbed her cheek against the man's face, then glided around the room.

"I followed her every movement in the pier glass. When she was back of me she stopped and paused, and smiling still signaled. How he, that wretched cat's-paw, feasted and gloated on her audacious glory, for the instant, oblivious of me and of their purpose! I saw her unbind from her waist a fantastic silken girdle, and even in my despair I felt sorry for him. The poor fool, I thought, he will go from crime to crime at the pleasure of a monstrosity, a veritable Lamia, a fiend incarnate, with naught but malignity in her veins, who is incapable of affection or even of passion, who loves him not, who—"

"You lie! You lie! You know you lie!" screamed the obscure man, springing to his feet. "I don't know who you are or [illegible]

[illegible] ...ancholy, cowering wretch could not have been he?"

"They went to Europe," repeated the doctor, "and disappeared. They led a merry life—that is, a short one. The money vanished, the man died and the [illegible] wandered back. It's [illegible] how they always do wander [illegible] Of course, privation [illegible] changed him. My [illegible]

[illegible] "I was sorry for Mrs. Nemo," added the doctor, "but [illegible] responsible for one's deeds."

"Yes," rejoined the tall, thin man; "a man is a free agent for evil, but a puppet for good."

"I sometimes think I'll give over the business entirely," concluded the "doctor." "It's depressing and destroys one's faith in humanity. I have little children at home, and I like to think that they are sure to be good and pure."

"Ut! Tut! What nonsense!" laughed the fat and jovial "drummer." "It pays well," and he drained the urn into his glass.

UNNECESSARY.

BY ELLA RANDALL PEARCE.

"You are my first, my only love."
He said. Of course 'twas not the truth.
But loth, indeed, was he to mar
The sweet illusions of her youth.
"Indeed," she murmured, as a shade
Her pensive, artless face crept o'er,
"Then it may pain you, dear, to learn
I've been engaged three times before."

ENDERBY'S COURTSHIP.

BY LOUIS BECKE.

The two ghastly creatures sat facing each other in their wordless misery as the tattered remnant of the sail hung motionless after a last faint flutter. The thing that sat aft—for surely so grotesquely horrible a vision could not be a man—pointed with hands like the talons of a bird of prey to the purple outline of the island in the west, and his black, blood-baked lips moved, opened, and essayed to speak. The other being that, with bare and skinny arms clasped around its bony knees, sat crouched in the bottom of the boat, leaned forward to listen.

"Ducie Island, Enderby," said the first in a hoarse, rattling whisper; "no one on it; but water is there—and plenty of birds and turtle, and a few cocoanuts."

At the word "water" the listener gave a curious, gibbering chuckle, unclasped his hands from his knees, and crept further toward the speaker.

"And the current is setting us down to it, wind or no wind. I believe we'll see this pleasure trip through, after all"—and the black lips parted in a hideous grimace.

The man whom he called Enderby sank his head again upon his knees, and his dulled and bloodshot eyes rested on something that lay at the Captain's feet—the figure of a woman enveloped from her shoulders down in a ragged, native mat.

The black-whiskered man who steered looked down for a second upon the face beneath him with the unconcern for others born of the agony of thirst and despair, and again his gaunt face turned to the land. Yet she was his wife, and not six weeks back he had experienced a cold sort of satisfaction in the possession of so much beauty.

He remembered that day now. Enderby, the passenger from Sydney, and he were walking the poop; his wife was asleep in a deck chair on the other side. An open book lay in her lap. As the two men passed and re-passed her, the one noted that the other would glance in undisguised admiration at the figure in the chair. And Enderby, who was as open as the day, had said to him, Langton, that the sleeping Mrs. Langton made a beautiful picture.

The sail stirred, filled out, and then drooped again, and the two spectres, with the sleeping woman between, still sat with their hungry eyes gazing over toward the land. As the sun sank, the outlines of the verdure-clad summits and beetling cliffs became enshrouded in tenebrous night.

Another hour, and a faint sigh came from the ragged mat. Enderby, forever on the watch, had first seen a white hand silhouetted against the blackness of the covering, and knew that she was still alive. And as he was about to call Langton, who lay in the stern-sheets, muttering in hideous dreams, he heard the woman's voice calling him.

"Thank God, you are alive, Mrs. Langton. Shall I wake Captain Langton? We must be nearing land."

"No, don't. Let him sleep. But I called you, Mr. Enderby, to lift me up. I want to see where the rain is coming from."

Enderby groaned in anguish of spirit.

"Rain? God has forgotten us, I—"

And then he stopped in shame at betraying his weakness before a woman. With hot tears of mingled weakness and pity coursing down his cheeks, he raised her up.

"Why, there it is, Mr. Enderby—and the land as well! And it's a heavy squall, too," and she pointed to a moving, inky mass that half concealed the black shadow of the island.

"Quick, take my mat; one end of it will hold water."

Enderby pressed the woman's hand to his lips and kissed it again and again. Then, with eager hands, he took the mat from her, and, staggering forward to the bows, stretched the sound end across and bellied it down. And then, the moving mass that was once black, and was now white, swept down upon them and brought them life and joy.

Langton, with an empty beef tin in his hand, stumbled over his wife's figure, plunged the vessel into the water, and drank again and again.

"Curse you, you brute!" shouted Enderby through the wild noise of the hissing rain. "Where is your wife? Are you going to let her lie there without a drink?"

Langton answered not, but drank once more. Then Enderby, with an oath, tore the tin from his hand, filled it and took it to her, holding her up while she drank. And as her eyes looked gratefully into his while he placed her tenderly back in the stern-sheets, the madness of a moment overpowered him, and he kissed her on the lips.

Concerned only with the nectar in the mat, Langton took no regard of Enderby as he opened the little locker, pulled out a coarse, dungaree jumper and wrapped it around the thinly-clad and drenched figure of the woman.

She was weeping now, partly from the joy of knowing that she was not to die of the agonies of thirst in an open boat in mid-Pacific and partly because the water had given her strength to remember that Langton had cursed her when he had stumbled over her to get at the water in the mat.

She had married him because of his handsome face and dashing manner. Her ideal of a happy life was to have her husband leave the sea and buy an estate either in Tahiti or Chile. She knew both countries well; the first was her birthplace, and between there and Valparaiso and Sydney, her money-grubbing old father had traded for years.

Mrs. Langton cared for her husband in a prosaic sort of way; but she knew no more of his inner nature and latent utter selfishness a year after her marriage than she had known a year before. Yet, because of the strain of dark blood in her veins—her mother was a Tahitian half-caste—she felt the mastery of his savage resolution in the face of danger in the thirteen days of horror that had elapsed since the brigantine crashed on an uncharted reef between Pitcairn and Ducie Islands, and the other boat had parted company with them, taking most of the provisions and water.

But that savage curse still sounded in her ears, and unconsciously made her think of Enderby, who had always, ever since the eighth day in the boat, given her half his share of water.

Little did she know the agony it cost him the day before, when the water had given out, to bring her the whole of his allowance. And as she drank, the man's heart had beaten with a dull sense of pity, the while his baser nature called out: "Fool! it is his place, not yours, to suffer for her."

At daylight the boat was close in to the land, and Langton, in his cool, cynical fashion, told his wife and Enderby to finish up the last of the meat and biscuits—"for if they capsized getting through into the lagoon," he said, "they would never want any more."

He had eaten all he wanted unknown to the others, and basked with an unmoved face at Enderby soaking some biscuit in a tin for his wife. Then, with the rag- [illegible]

man between them, sought the shelter of a thicket scrub, impenetrable to the rays of the sun, and slept.

And then for a week Enderby went and scoured the reefs for food for her.

One day at noon Enderby awoke. The woman still slept heavily, the first sign of returning strength showing as a faint tinge in the pallor of her cheek. Langton was gone. A sudden chill passed over him—had Langton taken the boat and left them to die on lonely Ducie? With hasty steps Enderby hurried to the beach. The boat was there, safe. And at the farther end of the beach he saw Langton, sitting on the sand, eating.

"Selfish brute!" muttered Enderby. "I wonder what he's got?"

Just then he saw, close overhead, a huge, ripe pandanus, and picking up a heavy, flat piece of coral, he tried to ascend the triplicated bole of the tree and hammer off some of the fruit.

Langton looked up at him and showed his white teeth in a mocking smile at the futile effort.

Enderby walked over to him, stone in hand. He was not a vindictive man, but he had grown to hate Langton fiercely during the past week for his selfish neglect of his wife. And here was the fellow gorging himself on turtle eggs, and his delicate wife living on shell fish and pandanus.

"Langton," he said, speaking thickly, and pretending not to notice the remainder of the eggs, "the tide is out, and we may get a turtle in one of the pools if you come with me. Mrs. Langton needs something better than that infernal pandanus fruit. Her lips are quite sore and bleeding from eating it."

The inner nature came out.

"Are they? My wife's lips seem to give you a very great deal of concern. She has not said anything to me. And I have an idea—"

The look on Enderby's face shamed into silence the slander he was about to utter. Then he added, coolly:

"But as for going with you after a turtle, thanks, I won't. I've found a nest here, and have had a good, square feed. If the man-o'-war hawks and boobies hadn't been here before me, I'd have got the whole lot."

Then he tore the skin off another egg with his teeth.

With a curious, guttural voice, Enderby asked:

"How many eggs were left?"

"Thirty or so—perhaps forty."

"And you have eaten all but those?"—pointing with savage contempt to five of the round, white balls; "give me those for your wife."

"My dear man, Louise has too much island blood in her not to be able to do better than I—or you—in a case like ours. And as you have kindly constituted yourself her provider, you had better go and look for a nest yourself."

"You dog!" and the sharp-edged coral stone crashed into his brain.

When Enderby returned, he found Mrs. Langton sitting up on the creeper-covered mound that overlooked the beach where he had left Langton.

"Come away from here," he said, "into the shade. I have found a few turtle eggs."

They walked back a little and sat down.

But for the wild riot in his brain, Enderby would have noted that every vestige of color had left her face.

"You must be hungry," he thought he was saying to her, and he placed the white objects in her lap.

She turned them slowly over and over in her hands and then dropped them with a shudder. Some were flecked with red.

"For God's sake!" the man cried, "tell me what you know?"

"I saw it all," she answered.

"I swear to you, Mrs. Lan—" (the name stuck in his throat). "I never meant it. As God is my witness, I swear it. If we ever escape from here I will give myself up to justice as a murderer."

The woman, with hands spread over her face, shook her head from side to side, and sobbed. Then she spoke:

"I loved him once—yet it was for me—and you saved my life over and over again in the boat. All sinners are forgiven, we are told—why should not you be, and it was for me you did it. And I won't let you give yourself up to justice or any one. I'll say he died in the boat" —and then the laughter of [illegible]

[illegible] torily answered the query made by Enderby if he could marry them. He "rayther thought he could. A man who was used ter ketchin' and killin' whales, the powerfullest creature of Almighty Gawd's creation, was ekal to marryin' a pair of unfortunit human beans in sich a pre-carus situation as theirs."

And, by the irony of fate, the Enderbys (that isn't their name) are now living in a group of islands where there's quite a trade done in turtle, and whenever a ship's Captain comes to dine with them, they never have the local dish—turtle eggs—for dinner. "We see them so often," Enderby explains, "and my wife is quite tired of them."

Who Are the Heroines?

The great heroines are not always found in books and verses. Many a little woman acting bravely her part, all unknown to the world, is unconsciously, perhaps, waging and winning a battle against adverse foes, just as though she were a Joan of Arc leading hosts on to victory. The girl who labors in the kitchen in order to support herself and stay the hand of poverty or infamy is acting the part of a heroine. The wife who, with an invalid husband or a trifling husband, sustains herself and little children acts the part of a heroine. The widow who relies on her industry for a livelihood, with orphaned ones to whom she must be both father and mother, acts the part of a heroine. The young girl who braves the fashions of life and attends school in her shabby clothes amid the sneers perhaps of her companions until she has filled her mind with useful knowledge, has in her the elements of heroism. The young woman who qualifies herself for business that she may help an aged and afflicted mother, or who prefers to make some money that she can call her own, rather than depend upon a hard-working father for all that she receives, is worthy of being called a heroine. Hundreds of such heroines are to be found in shops and factories, in stores, in kitchens and schools—women who go forth to labor.

His Sudden Faintness.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Goodhart, as she handed her husband a cup of coffee across the breakfast table. "I realize that we simply must economize, and I'm willing to do my part. I've thought of one way of economizing already."

"How is that?" asked Mr. Goodhart.

"Well, I'll tell you. I have a good sewing machine and plenty of time, and if you'll select the cloth I'll cut and make you that new pair of trousers you want my own self and save—why, Henry Goodhart, what is the matter with you? The man is going into a fit. Here, Jane, bring some water! Go for the doctor, somebody! Help me to support him and keep him from falling out of his chair. What can the matter be? It looks like apoplexy. There! He breathes easier and has opened his eyes. Now, Henry, dear, what is it?"

"Nothing, my dear, nothing; only a sudden faintness. I'll get over it in a few minutes, and I—I was just joking when I said that we had to begin economizing somewhere—only joking, my dear."

A Poet's Husband.

Mr. Wilcox, the husband of the poetess of passion, is a common sense business man, with one big piece of sentiment in his disposition—that is his love for his wife. On one occasion, when he was traveling, he placed six or seven photographs of his wife on the mantel of his room in the hotel. The pert chambermaid, whisking them off with her feather duster, electrified the loving spouse by exclaiming:

"My! What a lot of girls you've got!"

Getting Even.

Friend—Moved back to the city, I see.

Suburban Resident—Yes. A human porker bought the vacant lot next door to me, stuck up his house close to the street, and built a barn alongside of my windows.

"What have you done with the property?"

"Rented it to a man who plays a French horn."—New York Weekly.

The Spirit Was Willing.

[illegible]

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